THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE: No. 724 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888. $2.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 4

MY QUEEN.

BY WM. W. LONG.

I watch your form of tender grace,
I hear the echo of your sighs;
My soul thrills when I see your face,
And catch the glory of your eyes.

When near thee, heaven is in my heart,
And all my life is bright;
When absent from thee, gentle one,
About me there is only night.

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A LOOK of pain crossed his handsome face.

"You haven't told me why yet," he said, after a pause.

Margaret bit her lip, and was silent for a second or two, then she said:

"Lord Leyton, there should be, can be, no acquaintance between you and me——"

"Now, stop!" he said. "I know what you are going to say: you're going to talk some nonsense about my being a viscount and you being something very different, and all that! As if you were not a lady, and as if anyone could be better than that! Yes, they can, by George! and you are better, for you are an artist! A difference between us—yes, yes, I should think there was, between a useless fellow like myself and a clever, beautiful——"

"My lord!" said Margaret flushing, then looking at him with her brows drawn together.

"I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon, I do indeed! But all the same," he said defiantly, "it's true! You are beautiful, but I don't rely on that! I say an artist and a lady is the equal of any man or woman alive, and if that's the reason you fling my flower back to me——"

"I didn't fling it, my lord," said Margaret gravely.

"I'm a brute!" he said penitently. "The difference between a brute and—and an angel! That's it! No, you didn't fling it, but it's just as if you had, isn't it now?"

"You will take back the flower, Lord Leyton, please?" she almost pleaded; "I don't want to fling it, as you say, out of the window."

He stood looking at her.

"How—how you must hate and despise me, by Jove!" he said.

Margaret flushed.

"You have no right to say that, my lord, because I see that I acted unwisely last night. How can I hate or despise one who is a stranger to me?"

"Yes, that's it; I'm a stranger, and you mean to keep me one!" he said, half bitterly, half sorrowfully. "Well, I can't complain; I'm not fit for you to know! Why, even my own flesh and blood is anxious to see the back of me! Yes, you are right, Miss Margaret."

He dwelt on the name sadly, using it unconsciously.

"Oh, no, no!" she said, wrung to the heart at the thought of wounding him so mercilessly. "It's not that! It's not of you I thought, but of myself."

"Of yourself, yes," he said. "Communication with me is a kind of pollution; you cannot touch tar, you know! Oh, I understand! Well"—he hung his head—"I will do as you tell me; I can't do less! I'll take my poor rose——"

He stopped short, and something seemed to strike him.

"But if I do, I must return you this," and he gently unfastened the white one from his coat, and held it out to her.

Margaret put out her hand irresolutely.

"Oh, take it!" he said recklessly. "It is one out of the bowl you gave me."

"I gave you?" she said.

"Yes," he said; "you picked them yourself, the girl told me so. I asked her! And you put them in my room! If I take your rose back you must take mine."

"Well," she said, and she took it slowly, and laid it on the table beside her.

He drew a long breath, then the color came into his face, and the wild, daring Ferrers' spirit shone in his eyes.

"That's an exchange!" he said. "It's a challenge and an acceptance. Don't you see what you have done in cutting me of and flinging me aside, Miss Margaret?"

"What I have done?" said Margaret.

"Yes! You have given me back my rose, but you forget that you have worn it, that it has been in your dress, that you have toouched it, that it's like a part of yourself. And you have taken my rose, which has been in my room all night, while I dreamt of you——"

"Lord Leyton!" she panted, half rising.

"Yes!" he said, confronting her with the sudden passion which lay dormant in him and always, like a tiger, ready to spring to the surface. "You can throw my offer of friendship in my face, you can put me coldly aside, and—and wipe out last night as if it had never been, as if you had done some great wrong in talking to such a man as I am; but you can't rob me of the rose you have touched, ah! and worn."

"Give—give it me back!" she exclaimed, with a trepidation which was not altogether anger or fear. "Give it me back, my lord. You have no right——"

"To keep it! Haven't I?" he retorted. "What! when you forced it back on me! No, I will not give it you back! You may do what you like with the white one. You will fling it on the fire, I've no doubt. I can't help it. But this one, yours, I keep! It is mine. I will never part with it. And whenever I look at it I will remember how—until you discovered that I was not fit to associate with you, such a bad lot that you couldn't even keep a flower I gave you!—I'll remember that you have worn it near your heart."

White as herself, with a passion which had carried him beyond all bounds, he raised the red rose to his lips and kissed it, not once only but thrice.

Then, as he saw her face change, her lips tremble, his passion melted away, and all penitent and remorseful, he bent towards her.

"Forgive me!" he said, as if half-bewildered; "I—I didn't know what I was saying. I—I am a savage! Yes, that's the name for me! Forgive me, and—good-bye!"

He lingered on the words till they seemed to fill the room with their music, low as they had been spoken. Then he turned.

Margaret found her voice.

"My lord—Lord Leyton. Stop!"

He stopped and turned.

"Give me back the rose, please," she said firmly.

"No!" he said, his eyes flashing again. "Nothing in this world would induce me to give it to you, or to anyone else. I'll keep it till I die! I'll keep it to remind me of last night—and of you!"

He stood for a moment looking at her steadily—if the passionate glance could be called steady; then the thick folds of the velvet curtain fell and hid him from her sight.

Margaret stood for a moment motionless She felt as a flower might feel the moment after the storm that had threatened to wreck it had passed over and left it feeble and trembling.

Then she put her hand to her bosom—her heart was throbbing like a frightened bird—took the white rose, and raised her hand to fling it through the window.

But as it flashed before her eyes her heart relented. She paused, hesitated, then dropping it on the spot where he had placed it, she sank all trembling into the chair.

Lord Leyton strode through the corridor into the hall. He scarcely knew where he was going, or saw the objects before him.

"The dog-cart is ready, my lord," said a footman.

Mr. Stibbings stood with respectful attention beside the door.

"Good-morning, my lord, the portmanteau is in——" He glanced at the rose which Lord Blair still held in his hand. "If your lordship would like to take some flowers with you, I will get some, there is time——"

"Flowers? Flowers?" said Lord Blair confusedly, then with an exclamation he hid the rose in his breast and sprang into the cart.

The horse bounded forward and dashed down the avenue, Lord Blair looking straight before him like a man only half awakened.

Suddenly, seeing and yet scarcely seeing, he noticed a tall, wiry figure lounging against the sign-post in the centre of the village green.

"Stop!" he said to the groom.

He pulled up, and Lord Blair beckoned to the man.

Pyke resisted the summons for a second or two, then he slouched up to the dog-cart with his hands in his pockets.

"Good-morning, my man," said Lord Blair. "I hope you're none the worse for our little set-to?"

"I'm not the worse, and I sha'n't be," retorted Pyke, lifting his evil eyes for a moment to the handsome face, then fixing them on the last button of Lord Blair's waistcoat.

"That's all right," said Lord Blair. "I see you've got a bruise or two still left;" and he laughed. "And I daresay I have. Well, here is some ointment for yours;" and he held out some silver.

Pyke opened his hand and his fingers closed over it.

"That's all right," said Lord Blair again. "We part friends, I hope?"

"Yes, we part friends," said Pyke; but the expression on his face would have suited "We part enemies" equally well.

"Well, we shall meet again, I daresay," said Blair. "Good-morning."

"Yes, we shall meet again," said the man, and as he spoke he shot a vindictive glance at Blair's face. "Oh, yes, my lord, we shall meet again," he snarled, as the dog-cart drove on. "And it will be my turn then. Ointment, eh! It 'ull be a powerful ointment as 'ull do you any good when I've done with you!"

* * * * *

About four o'clock the same evening a group of people was gathered round a young lady who sat on a magnificent and strong-looking horse, standing with well-bred patience near the rails of the Mile.

The park was crammed, carriages, riders, and pedestrians all massed and hot, in the lovely June air, which seemed laden with the scent of the flowers, and heavy with the sound of wheels and voices.

The lady was young, but certainly not beautiful. That you decided at once, immediately you saw her. After a time, when you got to know her, your decision became somewhat shaken, and you would very likely admit that if she were not beautiful, she was, well—taking.

She was not tall—short indeed, one of those small women who make us inclined to believe that all women should be small; one of those little women who twist great men—and great in all senses of the word—round their very diminutive fingers.

She had a beautiful figure, *petite*, fairy-like, lithesome, and graceful, and it looked at its best in the perfect-fitting brown habit. Her hair was black, her eyes gray, and her mouth—well, it was not small, but it was wonderfully expressive.

The eyes were the best part of the face, but they were not beautiful eyes; they were, to put it bluntly, far too small and sharp and restless, though when she liked, they could become as still and settled as two beads, or, more politely, two planets.

To complete the catalogue, she had very small hands, and very supple and clever ones, and, small as they were, the horse, a big and powerful one, would have admitted that they were strong.

She was the centre of a group. There were other young ladies with her, but she was distinctly the centre, and the men who crowded round bent their eyes on her, addressed most of their remarks to her, and, in fact, paid her the most attention: the other ladies did not seem to complain even silently; they took it as a matter of course.

For this little lady, with the small eyes and expressive mouth, was Miss Violet Graham, and she was, perhaps, the richest heiress in London.

There were several well-known men in the circle round her. There was the young Marquis of Aldmere, with the pink eyes and the receding chin of his race, with the pink eyes fixed admiringly upon the small, alert face as he fingered the beginning of a very pale moustache.

Next him, and leaning on the rails so that he nearly touched her skirt, was Captain Floyd, otherwise the Mad Dragoon, as handsome as Apollo, as reckless as only an Irish Dragoon can be, and cool as a cucumber till the red pepper is applied.

Next to him was young Lord Chichester, who had just married a very charming young woman, but who still found it impossible to pass any group of which Violet Graham was the centre.

There were several others—a Member of Parliament, a well-known barrister, and a curate who happened just then to be the fashion—and, although there were a great many of them "all at once," Violet Graham seemed quite able to keep the whole team in hand. And while she talked, the small, keen eyes were taking in the features of the procession which passed and repassed her.

"There goes the duchess," said Captain Floyd, raising his hat, as a stout lady, in a handsome equipage, inclined her head towards them. "Looks very jolly, considering that she has lost so much money, and that the duke is supposed to have left her."

"She puts her gain against her loss, don't you see?" said Violet Graham quickly.

There was an applausive laugh at this, of course.

"And here comes the new bishop. Why do bishops always have such awfully plain wives, Miss Graham?" murmured Lord Chichester.

"That they may not be proud, like some of us," she said promptly.

Charlie Chichester's wife was good-looking. He blushed.

"You are harder than ever, this afternoon, Miss Graham," he said.

"Or is it that you are softer?" retorted she.

The ready laugh rang out.

"Tremendous lot of people," said the dragoon languidly; "it makes one long for a desert island all to one's self."

"Any island would be a desert which contained Captain Floyd," she said.

"I don't see the point," he said, looking up at her languidly.

"Because you would soon quarrel and kill anyone else who happened to be living there," she retorted.

"That's right, Miss Graham!" exclaimed Lord Chichester, cheering up "Give him one or two hingeal He's far too conceited, and wants taking down."

"I wonder where Blair is," said the captain.

He looked at Miss Violet as he spoke, but whether intentionally or not could not be said. If there was any significance in his glance she did not betray herself by the movement of an eyelash.

"Oh, Blair?" said the marquis; "he's off into the country somewhere! Comes a dreadful cropper over Daylight, you know! Think he's gone to raise the tin; don't know, of course."

"Of course!" said Miss Graham, smiling down upon him.

He was known as "Sublime Ignorance."

"One for you, Aldy," chorussed Chichester. "But, seriously, where is Blair? He went off without a word, don't you know, let me see, two days ago. Perhaps he's bolted! Shouldn't wonder! He has been going it awfully rapidly lately, don't you know. Poor old Blair!"

For once Miss Graham seemed to have no repartee ready. She sat looking straight between her horse's ears, her eyes still and placid, her lips set.

Then she looked round them with a smile.

"Well, I can't stay chattering with you any longer."

"Oh, give us another minute," pleaded Lord Chichester. "It is too hot for riding."

"And far too hot for talking," she put in. "I must be off! Are you coming girls?"

As she spoke, the two girls who were with her, and who had been talking with some of the men, obediently—everybody obeyed Violet Graham—gathered up their reins, a horseman rode slowly up, and, bringing his horse to a stand close beside Violet Graham's, raised his hat.

He was a tall, fine-looking man, thin and not badly made, but there was something in his face which did not prepossess one. Perhaps it was because the lips were too thin and under control, or the eyes too close together, or perhaps it was the expression of steadfast determination which lent a certain coldness and hardness to the clear-cut features.

"Ah, Austin, how do you do?" said Miss Graham, with the easy carelessness of an intimate friend, but as she spoke her eyes seemed to seek his face, and finding something there, dropped to her horse's ears.

He answered her salutation in a low, clear voice—almost too cold and grave for so young and handsome a man, and exchanged greetings with the rest. Then, without looking at her, he said:

"Are you riding on?"

"Yes," she said. "We were just starting. Good-bye!" and with a wave of her hand to her circle of courtiers, rode on, Austin Ambrose close by her side.

"How I hate that fellow!" murmured the dragoon languidly, looking after them.

"Hear, hear," said Lord Chichester.

"And yet he isn't a bad fellow—what's the matter with him?" stammered the marquis.

"Don't know," murmured Floyd. "'I do not like thee, Doctor Fell, the reason why I cannot tell——'"

"Who's Doctor Fell?" asked the marquis, with a bewildered stare.

A shout of laughter greeted his question.

"Look here Sublime Ignorance," said the dragoon with a wearied smile, "you are too good for this world. Such a complete lack of brains and ordinary intelligence are utterly wasted on this sublunary sphere."

"Oh, bother!" grunted the marquis. "I never heard of a Doctor Fell, how should I. But what's the matter with Ambrose?"

"I don't know," said Lord Chichester, thoughtfully. "I think it's that smile of his, that superior smile which makes you long to kick him; or is it the way in which he looked just over the top of your head then?"

"Or is it because Miss Graham is such a special friend of his that he can take her away from all the rest of us put together?" murmured the captain.

"Oh, there is nothing on there," said Lord Chichester. "My wife—and she ought to know, don't you know—stoutly denies it."

"I didn't say there was anything between them. If there was, that would be sufficient reason for all of us hating him—barring you, Charlie, who are out of the hunt now."

"You don't hate Blair?" said Chichester thoughtfully.

"Well, there is nothing between him and her; now, at any rate, and if there were we shouldn't hate him."

"Fancy hating old Blair!" exclaimed the marquis.

There was a gentle smile of assent at the exclamation.

"Best fellow alive!" said Chichester. "Poor old chappie; he's dreadfully down on his luck just at present."

"Oh, he'll come to time all right," broke in the dragoon. "You never find Blair knocked under for long. He'll come up smiling presently. Always falls on his legs, thank goodness. By the way," he said, more thoughtfully than was his wont, "it's rather rum how he and that fellow Ambrose get on so well together."

"Oh, Blair could get on with anyone—Old Nick himself," exclaimed Chichester, and amidst the general laugh the group melted and passed on with the crowd.

Miss Violet Graham rode on in silence for a moment or two, than she said in an undertone:

"Have you seen him? Where is he?"

Austin Ambrose cast a cold glance of warning towards the others, and with a little gesture of impatience Violet answered it.

"You are right. Come into tea, will you?"

"Thanks," he said aloud. "I will leave you now," he added, as they reached the gates; "I will be around as soon as I have put the horse in."

Violet Graham nodded and immediately joined in the conversation with the people near her, and with her usual vivacity exchanged greetings and rapid exclamations with the people who rode or drove by. It seemed as if she knew and was known of everybody.

But presently she pulled up.

"Well, girls, I'm tired out. It really is too hot for any more of it. Any of you come home to tea with me?"

They knew by the way the invitation was given that they were not wanted, and of course declined, and Miss Graham, turning her horse, rode pretty smartly, hot as it was, towards the gate.

In a few minutes she was in her house in Park Lane.

It was one of the largest houses in the lane, and the appointments were of a magnificence suitable to the richest lady in London.

The hall she entered, though not so large as those in country mansions, was superbly decorated and lined with choice exotics.

Statuary, as white as the driven snow, gleamed against the mosaic walls. Plush had given place to Indian muslin for the summer months, and the white place looked like an Oriental or a Grecian dream.

"I am out to everyone but Mr. Ambrose," she said to the footman who attended her, and passing by the drawing room she ascended the stairs and entered a really beautiful apartment which, as she reserved it for herself, might be called her boudoir.

She shut the door and dropped on a couch, flinging her hat on the table and feverishly tugging at her gauntlets.

Then she rose, and began pacing the room. All the time she looked as anxious as a woman could look.

A wise providence for an inscrutable reason has decreed that no mortal should be contented.

Here was a woman, young, fascinating, if not beautiful—possessed of an enormous fortune, a host of friends, a legion of admirers—a hundred men who would have been madly delighted to marry her on the morrow and yet she was not happy. It would be funny if it were not so painful.

Discontent and dissatisfaction is the lot of all of us, from the beggar in the gutter to the king upon his throne.

Presently the door opened and a servant announced Mr. Ambrose."

"Bring some tea," she said, "and show Mr. Ambrose in."

He came in, cool, self-possessed, and bringing with him, as it seemed, a breath of cold air.

Just glancing at her, he put down his hat and whip, and seating himself in one of the delightfully easy chairs, leant back and looked at her from under his lids.

It was a peculiar look, critical, analytical—it was the look a surgeon bends on a patient who is a curious, and perhaps a difficult case.

"Well?" she said, sinking into a chair, and fidgeting with the handle of her whip.

The footman entered with the tea-tray, and Austin Ambrose, instead of answering said—

"No sugar in mine, please."

She poured him out a cup with no too carefully concealed impatience, and as he rose and fetched it, taking it leisurely back to his chair, she beat a tattoo on the ground with her small feet.

"How tiresomely slow you can be when you like," she said. "I believe you do it to—to exasperate me."

"Why should I exasperate you?" he responded calmly, coolly. "Are you angry with me because I would not speak before the women who were with us in the park or before the servant here; it is a question which of them would chatter most."

"Oh, you are right, of course. You always are," she said. "That makes it so annoying. But there are no women or servants here now, and you can speak freely, and—and at once. Did you see Lord Blair?"

"I had just left him when I met you," he answered.

"Well?" she said, and her eyes sought his face eagerly, impatiently, "Where has he been?"

"To Leyton Court," he replied.

"To the earl's" she said. "I thought so."

"Yes," he said slowly; "he has been to the earl."

"Well, has he done anything for him?"

"No; nothing."

A look of relief shone in her eyes.

"I am glad, glad!" she murmured.

"He offered to lend him—or give him—the money he wanted, but Blair refused it."

"He refused? That was like him!" she said, with a touch of pride and satisfaction. "Yes, that was just like him. They quarrelled, of course?"

"Oh, yes, they quarrelled!" assented Austin Ambrose quietly. "There are the materials for a quarrel. It seems that, finding the journey tedious, Blair enlivened it by fighting with one of the rustics."

She smiled, and a strange look came into her eyes.

"Yes, that is Blair all over! And the earl heard of it.

"Yes, he said, slowly; "he heard of it and as the combat took place just outside the Court gates, he was not altogether pleased. Blair's account is amusing."

"He shall tell me! He shall tell me!" she said, looking into vacancy, her cheeks mantling, her eyes glowing. "I—I have seen him—right——"

"I daresay he will gratify any desire you have in that direction. He is always ready to fight, and on the smallest provocation," replied Austin Ambose with icy coldness.

"No!" she said. "He is not. He is not easily provoked, but when he is—but what does it matter? We don't want to waste time by quarrelling about him. I want to hear all—all that occurred!"

"I came to tell you," he said slowly. "The earl, notwithstanding his anger at the brawl outside the Court gates, offered to lend Blair the money to help him out of his difficulty, and Blair refused!"

"And—and Ketton must go?" she said in a tone of satisfaction.

"Ketton must go the way of the rest," he assented.

She nodded her small eyes shining brightly—too brightly.

"Ketton gone; there is not much left to fall back upon, is there?"

"No, not much," he replied.

"And—and he will not pull up; will not retrench? You will prevent that?" and she looked at him anxiously.

He did not reply, but his silence was significant enough.

"And he thinks you his best friend, his Fides Achates! Poor Blair!" and she laughed. "All his money gone and his estates; Ketton is the last! Yes, he cannot keep the pace much longer. He will be—what do men call it?—'stone broke,' and then—and then!"

She drew a long breath, and her lips closed and opened.

"And then he will come to me! He must come!" she exclaimed, her hand trembling. "He will come back to me, and ——;" then she stopped suddenly, arrested by a look in his secretive eyes. "Is there anything else? Have you told me all?"

He was silent a moment, and she accosted him with an exclamation of impatient impetuosity.

"What else is there? Why do you sit there silent, if there is anything else to tell? Do you remember our bargain?"

"Yes, I remember it," he said, after a moment's pause, during which he looked, not at her, but just over her head, in the manner which Captain Floyd found so objectionable. "It is not so long ago that I should forget it. It was made in this room. I had the presumption to offer you my——"

"Never mind that!" she broke in, but as if she had not spoken he went on in his cold, impassive manner:

"I had the presumption to offer you my hand, to beg yours! I was fool enough to imagine that your smiles and your sweet words were intended to signify that such an offer would not meet with a refusal. It was a mistake! I had forgotten that I was poor, and that you were rich. You recalled me to my senses by a laugh, which I hear still——"

"What is the use——" she tried to break in with, but he went on:

"Most men, I believe, placed in a like position, that of a rejected suitor, implore the lady who refuses them her love to grant them her friendship. I did so. But while most men mean nothing by it, I meant a great deal. If I could not have you for myself, I was ready to serve you as a grand vizier serves his sultan, or a slave his master. You accepted my offer. It was not I you wanted, but another man, that man was Blair Leyton."

"You put it plainly!" she murmured, biting her lip.

He looked over her head.

"Yes. Truth is natural always," he said. "I undertook to help you to gain him, asking for no definite reward, but trusting to your generosity."

"You shall ask for what you like. I will grant it," she said; "you know that."

"Yes," he said, I know that," but his response was uttered with a significance which she did not appreciate. "You and he were engaged, and the engagement is broken off; it is my task to see that it is renewed. I am engaged in that task now. Between us, it is understood, there should be no concealment. Concealments would be fatal. You ask me to tell you all concerning this visit of Blair to the Court. I intend doing so. There is not much difficulty, for I have just left Blair, who has found out his heart after his fashion."

"His heart! About what?" she demanded, taking up her tea-cup.

"About a girl he met there," he replied, quietly and coldly.

The fragile and priceless piece of porcelain fell, crushed by her fingers.

He rose courteously and picked up the fragments.

"It will spoil the set," he remarked coolly.

"Girl—girl! What girl?" she demanded.

She was white to the lips, and her grey eyes seemed to have grown dark, almost black.

"A girl whom he found staying in the house," he rejoined with a cool ease that maddened her. "I can describe her, for Blair was minute to weariness. She is tall, graceful, has auburn hair, large and expressive eyes, a small mouth, a clear musical voice, an angelic smile——"

She put up her hand.

"Are—are you saying all this to play with me?" she said, and her voice was almost hoarse.

He raised his brows and looked above her head with an air of surprise.

"No! They are his own words," he said.

"And—and you think he is in"—she paused; something seemed to stop her utterance for a moment—"he is in love with this girl?"

He sat silent for a moment.

"If he is to be believed, he is most certainly," he responded coldly; "very much in love—head over heels! He raved about her for nearly an hour by the clock; I timed him."

She sprang to her feet and moved to and fro, her tiny hand clenching the riding whip until the nails ran into her soft, pink palm. Then she stopped suddenly and looked at him.

"And this—this girl?" she said. "Who is she?"

"The daughter—no, to be exact, the granddaughter of the earl's housekeeper," he said slowly, as if he enjoyed it.

She panted and drew her breath heavily.

"A servant!" she exclaimed; and she laughed, a cruel, unwomanly laugh.

"By no means," he said. "She is, according to Blair, and he is a fair judge, a lady. She is an artist, and is copying the pictures in the Court gallery."

Her face grew white and anxious again.

"What—what is her name?" she asked; and her voice was almost hoarse.

He took an ivory tablet from his pocket and consulted it.

"Her name is Margaret—a pretty name; reminds one of Faust, doesn't it?—Margaret Hale."

"Margaret Hale," she repeated slowly; then she came and stood in front of him, her grey eyes hard as steel, her lips drawn across her white, even teeth. "And he—you say—he is in love with her?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"He says so," he said coldly.

"And—and he speaks of marrying her?"

"Apparently it is the one and absorbing desire of his life," he responded in exactly the same manner.

She opened her lips as if about to speak again, then sank on to a couch in silence.

He rose.

"I'll go," he said.

"Wait!" she said, and she stretched out her hand with the whip in it. "Austin, this—this must be stopped, prevented——" she spoke with a panting breathlessness. "You—you understand. It must be prevented at all costs, at any risks! You will do it! Promise me! Remember our bargain! Ask what you please, I will grant it! Half—every penny I possess—anything! You will prevent it!"

He stood looking at her without an atom of expression in his clean-cut face, which might have been a marble mask.

"I understand," he said, after a pause. "At any cost? You will not upbraid, reproach me in the future, whatever may happen?"

"No, I shall not! At any cost!" she repeated, meeting his cold glance.

He stood regarding the wall above her head for a moment, then, without a word, went out and left her.

Slowly, impassively he paced down the stairs, his eyes fixed on the open doorway and the street beyond, but, reaching the hall, which happened to be empty, he paused, and with his foot on the doorstep, he turned round and smiled.

It was a peculiar smile and difficult to analyze, but supposing a man had caught a wild animal in a trap and had left it hard and fast, to be killed at his leisure, that man might smile as Austin Ambrose smiled as he looked round the hall of Violet Graham's house in Park Lane.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARGARET had never been in love if anyone had asked her why not, she would have said that she was too busy and hadn't time.

Young men had admired her, and some few, the artists whom she met now and again, had fallen in love with her, but no one had ever spoken of the great mystery to her, for there was something about Margaret, with all her wildness, and indescribable maiden dignity which kept men silent.

Lord Blair had been the first to speak to her in tones hinting at passion, and it is little wonder that his words clung to her and utterly refused to be dismissed from her mind though she tried hard and earnestly to forget them; even endeavored to laugh at them as the wild words of a wild young man who would probably forget that he had ever spoken them, and, forget her, too, an hour or two after he had got to London.

But she could not. She said not a word of what had occured to old Mrs. Hale, for she felt that she could not have borne the flow of talk, and comment, and rebuke which the old lady would pour out. It would have been better if she had spoken and told her all; a thing divided becomes halved, a thing dwelt upon grows and gets magnified.

Margaret brooded over the wild words Lord Blair had said until every sentence was engraved on her mind; even the expression of his face as he stood before her, defiant as a Greek god got impressed upon her memory so that she could call it up when she pleased, and, indeed, it rose before her when she did not even wish it.

"This is absurd, and—and nonsensical!" she exclaimed on the second day after his departure, when she awoke to the fact that she had been sitting, brush in hand, staring before her and recalling Lord Blair's handsome and dare-devil eyes as they looked into hers. "I am behaving like a foolish, sentimental idiot!" she told herself, dabbing some color on her canvas with angry self-reproach. "What on earth can it matter to me what such a person as Viscount Leyton said to me? I shall never see him again, and he has probably forgotten, by this time, that such a person as myself exists! I am an idiot not to be able to forget him as easily. He behaved like a savage to the very last, and I would not speak to him again if—if we were cast alone upon a desert island!"

Then she went on painting vigorously, determined that nothing should induce her to give another thought to him.

But before half an hour had passed she found herself staring down the gallery, the Guido quite forgotten, and Lord Blair's voice surging in her ears.

She sprang to her feet with an exclamation of annoyance, and began handling her painting materials together, and was in the midst of clearing up, when she heard a step behind her, and saw the earl.

It was near the dinner hour, and he was in evening dress, for, though he dined alone, he always assumed the regulation attire; and, Margaret, as she looked at him, could not help noticing the vague likeness between him and Lord Blair.

"Do I disturb you?" he said, in his low, grave voice; and he paused with the courtesy for which he was famous.

"No, my lord, I have just finished for to-day," said Margaret, rather shyly, for she felt his greatness, which spoke in the tone of his voice, and proclaimed itself even in his gait, and the way he held himself.

With a slight inclination of his head he came and stood before the canvas.

A slight expression of surprise came over his face.

"You have made an excellent copy," he said. "I think you are capable of higher work—original work."

Margaret's face flushed with pleasure, but she said nothing. It was not for so humble an individual as her to bandy compliments with so great a personage as the Earl of Ferrers.

"You have worked hard," he said, looking at her; "not too hard, I hope?"

Now Margaret had grown rather pale during these last two days. It had been one of the results of Lord Blair's passionate words. She did not sleep much at night, and what with this dwelling upon the scene that had passed between them, the roses which Mrs. Hale wished to see had vanished from her face.

"You are looking tired and pale," said the earl in a gravely kind fashion.

"I am quite well, my lord," she said, standing with lowered lids under the piercing dark gray eyes.

"Yes, it is a very good copy," he said, returning to the picture. "I should have paid you a visit before; I have not lost my interest in art, but I have been engaged and indisposed. I have had my nephew with me," he continued, more to himself than to her—"Lord Leyton." He sighed. "You may not have seen him?"

"I have seen him, my lord," said Margaret, and for the life of her she could not help the tell-tale flush rising to her face.

His eyes rested on hers, and seemed to sink to the innermost depths of her soul.

"Have you spoken to him?" he asked, not angrily, but in the tones a judge might use.

"I have spoken to him, my lord," she said.

The earl's face grew stern, and he stood perfectly motionless, with his eyes fixed on her face.

"I am sorry for that."

"Sorry, my lord?" she faltered.

"I am sorry, he repeated. "My nephew, Lord Leyton is a wicked and unprincipled young man. He is not fit——"

"Oh, my lord!" said Margaret, "all her womanly chivalry rising on behalf of the absent.

The earl looked at her, his eyes dark and severe.

"He is not fit to hold converse with such as you." Then the look of grief and surprise seemed to recall him to himself. "No matter. He has gone. It is not likely that you will see him again——"

"No, my lord," assented Margaret with simple dignity.

"Let us say no more about him. He has nearly broken my heart; he is the one thorn in my side," he went on, notwithstanding that he had said no more should be spoken of the wicked young man. "He is a spendthrift and a gambler, and——" he stopped suddenly. "If your work is done, permit me to walk with you on the terrace, the air is cool and inviting."

"I have finished for to-day, my lord," she said.

He went to the window and opened it wide for her, and held it open until she had passed out.

It was only to Lord Blair that he was rough and fierce.

"It is a lovely evening," he said, looking out upon the far stretching lawns.

Margaret stood beside him in silence.

"What will you do with your Guido when you have finished it, Miss Hale?" he said, after a moment or two.

Margaret laughed softly.

"I don't know my lord," she said at last.

"If you will sell it, I would buy it," he said.

Margaret flushed with gratification.

"I do not know its worth, but I will venture to offer you fifty pounds.

"That's a great deal too much, my lord," she said decidedly.

"I think not," he responded so quietly that she could say nothing else beyond, "Thank you, my lord."

"You shall paint another picture for me,' he say; "not a copy this time. Choose some small piece of woodland scenery and paint it for me, if you will, Miss Hale," he added after a pause.

"I will, my lord," said Margaret gratefully.

Her simple response seemed to please him, and he looked at her thoughtfully, and with a sad regret. "Why had Heaven not blessed him with a daughter like to this beautiful girl?" was passing through his mind.

Then he said suddenly:

"You have no parents, Miss Hale?"

"No, my lord," said Margaret sadly.

"And you rely upon your own efforts?" he said gently.

"Yes," replied Margaret, "I depend entirely upon my painting, Lord Ferrers."

"It is not an ignoble dependence," said the stately old man. "You are happy in being able to rely upon yourself. And you delight in your work?"

"I am fonder of it than anything else, my lord," said Margaret with a smile.

The earl paced towards the broad steps that led from the terrace to the gardens, and Margaret, feeling that she must not go until she was dismissed, walked by his side.

It was a lovely evening, and presently she got less afraid of the great earl, and began to talk of the colors of the trees, the forms of the clouds, even a little of her own life in London.

The old man listened, leading her on and encouraging her with all the tact and art for which he was famous, and presently Margaret found herself laughing, as if the man she were walking with were a nobody and not the most Honorable the Earl of Ferrers.

At a turn in the path he stopped short.

"I must leave you now," he said. "Good-bye! Perhaps, some day, you will be kind enough to give me your company in another stroll. You will not forget the picture?"

"Oh, no, my lord," said Margaret dropping a curtsey.

The earl paced slowly to his own apartments, and entering the library, sat down before the great, carved writing-table.

For half an hour he sat musing.

"So young, so innocent, so much at the mercy of the cold cruel world. Depends upon her art! Poor child, a frail dependence! Why should I not? I am rich beyond calculation, as they tell me. Why should I not do one act of common kindness, and make my money of some use to one deserving of it? Hitherto it has passed through Blair's hands to black-legs and scoundrels."

He drew the paper towards him and took up a pen with an air of resolution and wrote a note to Messrs. Tyler and Driver, the family solicitors, as follows:

"Gentlemen: add a codicil to my will bequeathing five thousand pounds to Margaret Hale, the granddaughter of Mrs. Hale, who acts as the Court housekeeper.

Yours very truly,

FERRERS."

It was on an important letter for Margaret, but it bore upon her future to an extent far greater than would be inferred even by the gift of so large a sum of money.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN AN UNCHANGING LAND.—In Portugal a man may look about him and almost forget how the world has grown older and sadder. Here he will see the ploughman and the carter guiding oxen in size and shape such as the ancient Romans bred, yoked to such primitive plows or carts as we still can see on Roman and Greek coins. Their rules and methods of tillage are the same simple and often foolish ones as the ancients followed; the old heathen superstitions still mingle with the new religion; the ploughman and wagoner and reaper, the shepherd in his goat's-skin coat, and the maiden with her distaff, might all take their places in some such rural procession as we see sculptured on a Roman bas-relief of the Augustan age. The very aspect of nature, the genial air, the vines and olive trees, the rocks, valleys, running streams, the song of birds, and murmuring of bees on thymy hills, are all such as the sweetest of all pastoral poets used as accompaniaments to his idyllic song of a happy rural life. From just such craggy mountain sides overlooking the sea as Theocritus sang of, and beneath just such a tall stone-pine as he describes, does the Portuguese shepherd lad of to day rest to take his midday meal of bread and olives and look down upon the creeping waves of the blue ocean far beneath his feet; just as in those ancient days does he bare his sunburnt breast to the cool sea breeze and hear it in the branches overhead, the very sweet whispering pine music, that the poet heard in Sicily twenty centuries ago.

Bric-a-Brac.

SUPPER-TIME.—The ancient Britons did not get much to eat until supper-time, and the principle food was a thin cake or bread with chopped meat or broth. The dishes were placed upon the table all at once, upon rushes and fresh grass in large platters or trenchers. While the guests were eating, the host and hostess stood up and took no food till all the guests were satisfied.

THE MAGPIE.—Some old country folks consider the magpie to be so imbued with wicked Satanic principles, that if a cross be cut on a tree in which the bird has built she will forsake her nest at once. One reason for this bird's bad reputation is "because she would not go into the ark with Noah and his folk. She liked better to perch on the roof and jabber over the drowning world."

RATHER SMALL.—A Down-East mechanic is making the smallest possible specimen of an engine. It will be made from a silver half dollar. The boiler will hold eight drops of water, but with four drops the engine could be worked several minutes. When finished it is to be placed under a glass case three quarters of an inch in diameter and one inch and one-eighth in height. Some of the parts will be so fine and delicate that they cannot be made without the use of a magnifying glass.

THE SMITHS.—A foreign writer figures out from official data that the number of Smiths in England and Wales is 356 814 and that "there are more Smiths in England and Wales than there are people in Dublin—indeed excluding London there are only four towns in the United Kingdom namely: Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool and Manchester—containing more people than there are Smiths, while 26 out of 52 counties out of England and Wales, or one-half, have fewer people than the immortal house of Smiths has representatives."

THE "CRUSTARD".—An old name for pie was "crustard," corrupted in course of time to custard. Owing baked so that it had the hardness of ice or the shell of a fish farinaceous paste was at an early period called crust, from the Latin *crustal* In the mediæval ages pies of any kind might be called custards, but in the Elizabethan age the term seems to have been confined to fruit pies and milk pudding pies. At that time apple pies were commonly called custards, and apples good for use in pies, i. e., what are now termed "good cooking apples," were sold as custard (or coutard) apples.

ABLE TO THINK.—Two incidents related by a London paper seem to indicate that animals are able to think and carry out a plan. They occured in India. A rough terrier, when given a bone was sent to eat it on the graveled drive in front of the bungalow. Two crows had sought often to snatch the meat from the dog, but had always been defeated. Finally they discussed the matter in a neighboring tree; after which one of them flew down and pecked at the dog's tail, and while he was attending to this matter the other one flew down and seized the bone. The same dog had a favorite seat, of which a visiting dog had frequently deprived it. One day, the terrier having found his seat thus occupied, flew savagely out of doors, barking at a supposed enemy. As the intruding dog rushed out to take part in the supposed fray the terrier hastened back to take possession of his seat.

FROM COMMON PLANTS.—A variety of useful colors and dyes may be obtained from very common plants growing in abundance almost everywhere. The well known huckleberry or blueberry, when boiled down with an addition of a little alum and a solution of copperas, will develop an excellent blue color; treated in the same manner with a solution of nut-galls they produce a clear dark brown tint, while with alum, verdigris, and sal ammoniac various shades of red and purple can be obtained. The fruit of the elder, so frequently used for coloring spirits, will also produce a blue color when treated with alum. The privet boiled in a solution of salt, furnishes a serviceable red. The seeds of the common burning bush, when treated with sal ammoniac, produce a beautiful purple red. The bark of the currant bush treated with a solution of alum produces a brown. Yellow is obtained from the bark of the apple tree, the box, the ash, the buckthorn, poplar, elm, etc., when boiled in water and treated with alum. A lively green is furnished by the broom-corn.

THE OUTCAST.

BY L. E. DIEKENGA.

He stands against the market-house
In rags and dark uncleanliness,
And all about him bears the mark
Of filth and hopeless wretchedness.

He stretches forth a longing arm
In simulated shivering,
And asks for alms in piping voice
With shrill habitual quivering.

And as he stands, the very dregs
Of poverty's humility,
He's glad to pick the crumbs that fall
From fortunate gentility.

Stop—do not pass him quickly by—
But hearken to his history,
With cheerful alms his wants supply,
And thus relieve his misery.

Use kindly tact and seek to find
For his distress a remedy,
Nor let him stand alone, without,
A tattered public enemy.

Perchance some thoughts of days long gone
Some memories fond around him cling,
Though now he has no friend, no home,
No hope, no joy, no anything.

Then crush him not, nor keep him down
At every opportunity;
For death will come full soon enough
To stop his importunity.

For Love or Duty.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS MONEY AND HIS LOVE," "DOLLY'S DISAPPOINTMENT," "KING OR PRINCE?" ETC., ETC."

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Edith, here I am—all ready to listen and sympathize."

"Juliet! I did not expect you so soon. How glad I am!"

"I am half frozen," says Juliet St. John, advancing to the fire. "They say there has not been such a bitter November for twenty years. I was skating with Howard and Jeff on the lake this morning."

"Was Aubrey there?" inquires Miss Edith.

"Part of the time. The boys wanted to tell him that I had changed my plans, and was going by the earlier train; but Howard had promised to drive me to the station; and they are so full of nonsense when Aubrey is there that there is no getting anything serious out of them. And I thought that very likely, among them all, we should lose the train. Besides ——"

"You were afraid Aubrey would want you to accept his escort when he found you were coming alone, so you judiciously kept him out of the way," finishes Edith, smiling a little disdainfully. "Is he as much in love as ever with you, Juliet?"

"It is not my fault," says the girl, with a quick warm flush, that dies away almost as suddenly as it came.

"Oh, of course not! You don't ride and skate with uncle, and play billiards and lawn-tennis, do you? Why, Juliet, you are always together."

"But I cannot help that, Edith. I ride and skate with uncle and the boys, and if he chooses to come with me I cannot prevent him, can I? How could I refuse to play a game of billiards or lawn-tennis with him and his sisters and brothers? Why, I should make myself appear perfectly ridiculous, and uncle Howard would not like it either. He has a particular dislike to family quarrels or unpleasantnesses."

"Doesn't he really want you to marry Aubrey?"

"Oh, no! He has strong objections to marriages between cousins; and so have I!"

"Nonsense!" laughs Edith. "You would not care whether Aubrey were your cousin or a South Sea Islander, if you loved him. You are a lucky girl, Juliet—a very lucky girl—to have uncle Howard on your side. Now here is my father, careless of my feelings and of everybody else's, forcing me into marriage with a cousin!"

"Is he your cousin, Edith? I did not know that. He is not mine, is he?"

"No; he belongs to mother's family, and is no relation of yours. Indeed, he is only a very distant cousin of my own."

"Well, you say it doesn't matter——"

"But I hate him, Juliet."

"Then I wouldn't marry him for all the fathers in the kingdom!"

"My father is not like other fathers," returns Edith impressively. "When most girls want to get anything out of their fathers they have merely to 'ask prettily,' as they tell the children. Mine is not to be moved by pretty speeches any more than ugly ones. Mine is a martinet—a tyrant ——"

"Suppose you tell me all the story, Edith, instead of calling uncle Philip names," interrupts the other, taking a cup of tea from her cousin's hand.

"Well, the object of the proposed marriage is to join the two estates of Tenham and Compton Cheney. Tenham belongs to a relation of ours who has been traveling abroad ever since he came of age, and has just come back, declaring his intention of settling down—if he can. He and father are great friends already, and they have been putting their heads together to concoct this horrible plan of joining the two places. Isn't it unfortunate that they chance to adjoin one another, Juliet? Father was not very well off, in spite of his being the eldest son. He came into Compton Cheney when he married mother, you know, and he never quite liked owing the greater part of his wealth to her; and now he declares this will be the very thing. Oh, if I only had a brother! Father wouldn't be in such a hurry if he had a son to inherit the estate! You are a lucky girl, Juliet, to have no landed property of your own. You will be allowed to marry whom you like, for your little bit of money is of no importance."

"And what does the cousin say to this arrangement?" Juliet asks.

"Oh, he has quite made up his mind to it; in fact, I don't know whether it was with him or father it first originated!"

"And does he know you don't want to marry him?"

"Oh, yes, I believe so! Father was in such a rage when I said I hated him, and couldn't marry him, that he put on his hat, and dashed across the grounds. I know he must have gone to Tenham by the bridle-path; and he is sure to have told him everything—father isn't good at keeping secrets, you know, especially when he is angry. Besides, when my cousin comes to the house, I never speak to him when I can possibly avoid it; and when he asks me to ride or walk I always decline. He must know that I hate him—even if father has not told him."

"But doesn't uncle Philip insist upon your being civil to him?"

"No; he doesn't seem to care how I treat him now; but he is quite determined I shall marry him in the end. He told me the other day that I might flout him as I would—it would make no difference to either of them—I should be the wife of Sir Evelyn Lovelace before six months were over."

"Is he like his name—gentle, romantic?"

"Oh, no, no, Juliet! Hard, stern, fierce-looking, with flashing black eyes that make one quail, and a will as inflexible as father's. They are not alike in person, but in character they might be father and son, or—or twin-brothers; he's too old to be father's son."

"Why—how old?"

"Nearer forty than thirty, I should say. Such a contrast to—Randal," finishes Edith mournfully, with a regretful glance at the ring on her finger.

"And is he sorry because you don't like him, Edith?"

"No, not a bit. He is as cool and unconcerned as if I were a block of wood. He doesn't care so long as he gets Compton Cheney."

"But he would like you to ride and walk with him, you say?"

"A mere matter of form, my dear. He doesn't want me to go; he would far rather ride with father, or go shooting—or anything else, in fact. He does not affect girls; he thinks ladies' society all a bore."

"But isn't he—isn't he in love with you, then?"

"Not he; he doesn't know how to be in love—it isn't in him, and I should only hate him the more if it were!"

"Oh! Then it is a good thing he is not."

"It isn't a good thing that I have to marry him, Juliet."

"You needn't if you don't want to do so."

"How am I to help myself?"

"How are you to help yourself?" exclaims Juliet loftily. "Why, say you won't, of course. No one should force me into marrying a man I hated. No one can force you, Edith, if you are firm in your refusal."

"But I can't be firm," answers the other, half crying. "I never could be, Juliet. Father always says I am like my mother in that, if in nothing else. And poor Randal ——"

She begins to cry in good earnest when she reaches this point.

"But if I stand by you, Edith, and help you——"

"You can't help me, Juliet. When father storms at me, and Sir Evelyn frowns, and looks as black as a thunder-cloud, my courage all oozes out at my finger-ends, as the saying is."

"Why, Edith," says the other, unable to keep from laughing, "it is just like a story of the old times—a stern father and a determined lover uniting their two wills to overcome the feeble resistance of a defenceless maiden."

"It's all very well to laugh, Juliet; but, if you were in my place, you wouldn't be quite so merry over it."

"No; I should go straight up to the pair of them, and tell them I couldn't and shouldn't and wouldn't marry your Sir Evelyn—not if they starved me and beat me and kept me shut up in prison all my life."

"I believe father would do that—shut me up, I mean."

"Well, let him, then. He would soon get tired when he found you did not yield."

"But I tell you I should yield—I should have to do so; I couldn't help myself," answers Edith dolefully. "And poor Randal ——"

Here she again subsides into fretful weeping.

"Why doesn't Randal Blakey come forward and ask uncle for you, Edith?"

"Because I won't let him. It would be of no use, and father would behave worse than ever. How can you think of such a thing, Juliet? You know father as well as I do."

"It never struck me that he was such a terrible tyrant."

"No; because you are his niece—not his daughter."

"Shall I speak to him for you, Edith? I am not afraid of him or his nephew—or whatever he is—either."

"Oh, no, no, Juliet! Don't, there's a dear! If he knew what I wanted you home for he would just send you straight back to Oaklands."

"Then what is it you want me here for?"

Juliet asks this question a little hesitatingly, looking straight into her cousin's face with her beautiful fearless blue eyes.

"Why, to talk to you, I always tell you everything, you know, and to see if you can't find some way out of all this."

"But you say yourself, Edith, that I cannot help you, that you must do as they wish."

"But I can't—I can't! Oh, Juliet, you must do something—you must think of something! Oh, I am the most miserable girl in the world to-night, I do believe!"

She drops back into the easy-chair amidst a storm of tears. Her cousin kneels beside her.

"Dear Edith, haven't I always been your 'chum,' as the boys say? Didn't I always take your part? And I'm not going to desert you now! You sha'n't be married to that man if Juliet St. John can prevent it."

"We shall have the usual houseful at Christmas, I suppose," goes on Edith dispiritedly. "I shall look to you for help, Juliet, in entertaining them all. I sha'n't be equal to anything by myself—and this miserable affair coming off in March."

"In March?"

"Yes; they have actually fixed the date without consulting me. Isn't it dreadful!"

The two girls sit in silence for some time, Edith leaning back in her chair, Juliet on the floor beside her, with one hand holding her cousin's, and her blue eyes gazing at the fire, not sadly nor absently, but with earnest thought in their depths—while the room grows darker and the firelight flickers upon the carpet and furniture.

"I have an idea," says Juliet at last, raising her face to her cousin's; "but it seems such a mad scheme. Still it would be fun, though," she adds, with a daring little laugh.

"I don't care how mad it is, Juliet, if it will serve my purpose; and, as to the fun, you must be a clever girl to get any out of such a wretched state of things."

"But it would be great, glorious fun," rejoins Juliet, with sparkling eyes. "I could never have thought of such a thing myself; I saw it acted once at a London theatre. Oh, it would be splendid, Edie, if we could only manage it!"

"What is it? Make haste and tell me."

"Edith, wouldn't you like to trick this man who is in such a hurry to marry you against your will? Wouldn't you like to lead him as far as possible, and then give him the slip?"

"Of course I should."

"So did that girl in the play. Let me tell you all about it."

A long whispered conversation follows, so long that at last Juliet springs to her feet with an exclamation of astonishment as the maid's step is heard approaching, and the little clock on the mantelshelf chimes out the half-hour in silvery tones.

"We shall be late for dinner, Edith, if you don't make haste. Well, you agree to what I have proposed?"

"Father will be dreadfully angry when he finds it out; and, as for Sir Evelyn, I dare not think of him."

"I will take it all upon myself. You will be beyond his anger, you know."

"And you had better keep out of his way as well, Juliet! Really, between them both, I don't know whatever will become of you! Aren't you afraid?"

"Oh, no!" laughs Juliet merrily. "It will only be a grand joke for me—I shall be let off with a whole skin after they have expended all their wrath upon my head; and you will be happy, dear."

"It is very good of you to risk so much for me," returns the other, with a touch of compunction. "I don't know——"

"Here is Prescott. My dear, we will consider the thing settled."

CHAPTER II.

JULIET ST. JOHN is in high spirits as she dresses for dinner that evening. All her girlish vexations, real and imaginary, are forgotten in this plot of hers, concocted half in sympathy with her cousin's helpless distress, half in pure love of fun and frolic.

The two cousins have to hurry down at once, for the second bell rings as Juliet pauses at Edith's door to see if she is ready.

Old Colonel St. John is a most punctual man, and expects everybody else to be as precise in his or her habits as he is himself.

He glances admiringly at his niece as she sits by herself at one side of the table, and then he looks to the head, where his daughter presides, as fair and calm as though such things as tears were unknown to her.

Juliet is the orphan daughter of Colonel St. John's second brother, who died three months after his wife, leaving their little daughter, then a mere child, in charge of his brother Philip, who has ever since been the careful guardian of her and her little property, which is just sufficient to keep her in comfort should she not marry.

Undoubtedly, as far as perfect beauty goes, Edith carries off the palm.

Her face might have served Phidias for a model; her large blue eyes are half-veiled by snow-white lids, and her shining hair crowns with its golden glory her small graceful head.

But the smile in Juliet's fearless eyes, the witchery of the dimples which play about her pretty mouth, the audacity in the decided profile and chin, have long since won the heart of the stern old man, and some of the St. John's many relatives say that Philip's niece comes in for a larger share of his affection than Philip's daughter.

Certainly Juliet's high spirits and almost boyish pluck are far more to his taste than Edith's weakness and languor.

They are not very long over dinner. The Colonel is not one to linger unnecessarily over anything, and the girls are too full of their new scheme to have much appetite.

When they leave him to his wine, instead of returning to the drawing-room as usual, to sing over duets together or to gossip by the fire, they go straight up the broad staircase to the long dim gallery, where the pictured faces of bygone Lovelaces look down upon them from the walls, as if wondering at the sight of these modern intruders.

"There—that's the image of Sir Evelyn Lovelace," says Edith, pausing before a portrait, and holding the lamp close up to it.

Juliet looks up, and sees the bold dark face of a man of thirty-five or thereabouts, clad in shining armor, and grasping his sword in one powerful mailed hand, while the other rests upon his hip.

She gazes in silence for some minutes, taking in all the attributes of the proud inflexible face, the haughty Roman profile, the dauntless eyes, the stern brow—the very pose of the head seeming to invite danger and defy it.

"You did not tell me he was handsome, Edith," she says at last.

"No; because I don't think he is. You don't call that nasty, cross-looking man handsome, I hope, Juliet?"

"I think he is. His features are—in their style—as perfect as your own."

"Well, if that is your taste, I don't wonder that Aubrey has no chance," laughs Edith, who is in very good spirits to-night.

Juliet returns to the study of the portrait, inwardly comparing her cousin Aubrey's fair face and sprouting whiskers with this picture of manhood in the full pride of strength and beauty.

"If your cousin is really like this portrait he must be a handsome man," she says again.

"It is exactly like him; but I can't think how you can admire it. Just think of Randal's beautiful eyes and dear little moustache, and then look at that!" exclaims Edith. "Why, Randal is worth ten of him. But you seem to have taken a fancy to the picture, Juliet. Suppose you were to fall in love with Sir Evelyn; it would make matters all straight then."

"No, it wouldn't," answers Juliet, laughing, "for he wouldn't fall in love with me. But I was not thinking about falling in love at all, Edie; I was just imagining how terribly angry such a man as that would be."

Her eyes are still fixed upon the portrait, and, seeing the effect that it was taking on her fearless spirit, Edith draws away from it, walking down the gallery with one arm round Juliet's waist.

"Of course the real Sir Evelyn doesn't look so terrible in ordinary modern dress," she says coaxingly. "It is that suit of armor which gives the portrait such a fierce appearance. You won't give up our plan, Juliet? It is so capital—and so clever of you to think of it! Indeed, I wouldn't ask you to do it if I thought you would come to grief over it."

"I will do it, Edith," answers the girl, suddenly imprinting a kiss upon the other's cheek.

The next morning the two girls are upstairs together, looking over some relics of their childhood, when a clatter of horse's hoofs is heard below.

"There he is!" says Edith peeping out of the window.

And Juliet, standing beside her, and looking down upon the avenue of beech-trees that leads up to the house, sees a man approaching—a man whose face is the exact counterpart of the face in the picture-gallery—mounted on a powerful and spirited black horse, which prances and chafes under the strong restraining hand.

"He looks like a knight of the middle ages," she says, almost fancying that she can see him in that same suit of armor, with a plume of feathers waving from his helmet, the same strong sword grasped in his right hand, with a shield in his left, going forth to do battle. "'The Black Knight' himself!" she continues, half-unconsciously.

"'The Black Knight'!" repeats Edith, laughing. "Do you mean Richard Coeur de Lion, Juliet? He was fair, you remember, with yellow curling hair, and—well, your knight has curly hair, to be sure, but as to complexion, he might be a Red Indian. Let us stay here until he has gone—unless, indeed, he stops to luncheon."

But in a very few minutes a servant comes with a curt message from the Colonel, desiring their presence down-stairs.

"Oh, Edith, I wish we had not to go!" says Juliet, directly they are alone again.

"So do I; but I don't mind so much as I used to—now."

"I dread meeting him!" continues Juliet, shivering.

"Come, Juliet—you are not going to turn coward? Come—it isn't as if you had to go alone. We shall be together."

And Edith draws the unwilling girl to the head of the staircase.

"No; I will not be a coward," she says at last resolutely, and then descends the stairs rapidly.

They enter the dining-room together, and, after a short greeting between Edith and the tall stalwart man who stands near the door, Colonel St. John introduces him to his pet niece.

"Juliet, this is Sir Evelyn Lovelace, a kinsman anear neighbor of ours. My niece, Miss St. John, Lovelace, who makes her home with us, but who was absent on a visit to her uncle when you and returned to Tenham."

Juliet makes a profound curtsey; he bows stiffly, and surveys her with a brief cold scrutiny, turning away almost immediately.

The ordeal is over, and she breathes a sigh of relief.

She is allowed to stand aside from the group then, and she does so, watching them with great interest while he makes a few commonplace remarks to Edith, which she, after a glance at her father's stern face, answers most civilly.

"What a pity that Edith should turn from so goodly a suitor!" thinks Juliet. For one minute she takes her uncle's part in blaming Edith as an unreasonable girl who has no mind of her own, but the next—when she notes the flashing eye and inflexible mouth, and hears the stern tones of his voice—her heart softens towards her cousin while she makes up her mind afresh that, if it lies in her power to prevent it, Edith shall not be sacrificed to this man.

"It would be the death of her," she muses—"so weak and delicate as she is; and I am much stronger; I can bear a great deal—almost anything, I expect—and, after all, vexing him won't be half so bad as vexing uncle Phil, who loves me, and has been my best friend ever since my father and mother died. Oh, I don't like that part of it at all—I never thought of that when I planned it! But it must be done; and perhaps some day uncle will forgive me, when he sees how happy she is with Randal."

A week or two later Colonel St. John is considerably startled by a request from young Randal Blakey for the honor of Miss St. John's hand in marriage.

"You mean my niece, I suppose?" says the old soldier gruffly, well assured in his own mind that it is his daughter who is the object of the young man's affections. To his utter astonishment, young Blakey simply bows in answer.

"You mean Miss Juliet St. John? Well, I'm—— May I ask if you have spoken to her, Captain Blakey?"

"She is perfectly aware that I am addressing you on this subject, sir, and has signified her willingness, subject to your approval."

"The dickens she has!"—with a keen dissatisfied glance at the young man's face. "Well, I know that your family is unimpeachable, and that your prospects are fairly satisfactory; but, in fact, I was scarcely prepared for this. I would prefer to consult with my niece before giving you an answer."

"But, sir, she favors my suit, she does indeed, if I may say so much," pleads the young fellow, in a voice that sounds wonderfully earnest and truthful in the Colonel's ears; but he answers sternly in his vexation—

"I don't know that you may, sir. Such a very young man as yourself should be slow to presume on a lady's hasty preference. I repeat my answer—I will speak to my niece first, and let you know the result."

"It all depends upon you now, Juliet," says Edith, a few hours later. "Father does not care about Randal, that is evident, though he can find nothing against him. I thought he would object to our marriage merely because he had arranged another match for me; but he is nearly as displeased as he would have been if Randal had asked for me, instead of for you. You must cry and make a great fuss and say you can't live without him."

"I am not going to tell any fibs," replies Juliet, raising her head proudly, as she leaves the room to go to the library in obedience to her uncle's summons.

Half an hour afterwards Juliet quietly re-enters the room, closes the door after her, and kneels down at her cousin's side.

"You see I am alive, Edith," she says; but she does not smile as she speaks.

"Well, what did he say?" inquires Edith, impatient to hear the story.

"He said, 'Juliet, I have had that young fool of a Blakey dancing here after you.' Encouraging—wasn't it?"

"And what did you say?" asks Edith breathlessly.

"Oh, I answered meekly, 'Have you, uncle?' and stood with my hands folded! I could not look at him, Edith—I could not!"

"Well?"

"And he went on—'You don't mean to tell me you want to throw yourself away on that baby-faced boy?'"

"What a shame! With that lovely moustache; too! Well?"

"I answered, 'Not if it will displease you, uncle.' He looked very sharply at me, and said, 'What's in the wind now, Juliet? You're not generally so submissive.' At that my native impudence came to my aid, and I answered boldly, 'Would you like it better if I told you that I meant to throw myself away upon him, uncle Phil, whether it pleased you or not?'"

"Oh, Juliet!"

"He laughed at that, though he was vexed, I could see it in his eyes. 'I would—if that is what you really intend to do,' he replied. I told him, and I meant it, Edith, that I would stay with him all my life, if he wished it. He looked better pleased at that, but asked me rather sarcastically if he were to construe it into an announcement that, if he did not let me marry Captain Blakey, I would live and die an old maid. I said, 'Construe it into whatever best pleases you, uncle Phil,' and went up and kissed him, because I felt so sorry; and—and—I had never loved him so much as just then, when he was misunderstanding me so. He kissed me back again, and told me I should marry whomsoever I liked, as long as he was a decent fellow, and there was certainly nothing to object to in Randal Blakey. But the last words he said were, 'It's a puzzle to me how ever the fellow has got round you.' He is vexed, Edith—very much vexed!"

"Never mind, dear; it won't be for long," returns the other consolingly, trying to raise her cousin's dejected spirits. "You have a wonderful way with father, Juliet; I am sure I ought to be jealous, but I am not"—with a light kiss upon the girl's thoughtful brow.

"One thing I would have you think of," continues Juliet, after a long silence—"if uncle is so angry and disappointed at the very idea of my marriage with Randal, how much more so will he be when he discovers the truth! I don't ask you to marry Sir Evelyn, Edith, for I do not believe he could ever make you or any girl happy; but couldn't you give up Randal to please uncle? There are plenty of others who ——"

But she is interrupted by a flood of reproachful tears.

"I didn't know you could be so unkind, Juliet," sobs her cousin. "You might as well ask me to give up my life at once! Randal is everything—everything in the world to me. I could not live without him, or he without me. Oh, you are cruel—cruel! And I thought you were my true friend!"

"Dear Edith," protests Juliet, "indeed I didn't mean to distress you so. I did not think you would mind so much. Indeed, dear, I am very sorry."

It is some time before she can soothe her cousin's distress, and Edith's sobs and tears are only abated upon a solemn promise never again to hint at such a possibility.

"You see, you don't know what it is to love, Juliet," she says presently, with plaintive sweetness.

"It is a good thing I don't," Juliet answers bluntly, "or I could not bring myself to do this thing."

"I don't see why," says her cousin placidly. "You could marry him afterwards—whoever he was—when it was all settled and done with."

"I don't know—I don't think I could say those words if I really cared for any one. I am afraid—do you really think it will be wicked to say them, Edith?"

"No, of course not," is the reassuring answer. "It is the merest form. And, besides, you need not say half of them—or a quarter. You can mumble it all over—nobody will care how you say it."

But Juliet's heart is heavy that night, and for many nights after.

CHAPTER III.

THE time passes on—Christmas is drawing near, and Juliet's engagement to Captain Blakey is a well-known fact in all the various branches of the St. John family.

"Aubrey St. John is coming down for Christmas," says the Colonel, entering the drawing-room one morning towards the middle of December.

He looks at Juliet with a twinkle in his eye, and a blush suffuses the pretty face, which has lost some of its roses lately.

Juliet feels that she, and not Edith, is expected to reply, and, recovering herself with an effort, she answers:

"I did not know you had asked him, uncle."

"Didn't you? I have asked every member of our family, I think, for Christmas week; but they are not all coming—I did not expect it—some have to stay at home to entertain. I am glad Aubrey is coming, though—very glad. Is that twelve o'clock?" with a glance at the marble time-piece, which is chiming out the hour. "Then I must be off. I have an appointment with Lovelace at twelve."

"I believe he wants Aubrey down here to try to divert your affections from Randal," laughs Edith, when he has left the room. "He knows Aubrey is awfully in love with you."

"I am very sorry he is coming," returns Juliet gravely.

"Oh, I think it will be fun!"

"Don't say that, Edith! I don't want to marry him, but I should be sorry to hurt his feelings unnecessarily. I wish uncle Phil had taken me out instead of going off with Sir Evelyn," she continues, gazing out at the snow-covered landscape.

"Why, it isn't fit to go anywhere, Juliet. The snow is two feet deep in many places, they say. But it amuses me to see father going round the place with Sir Evelyn, planning alterations and making schemes for the future which will never be carried out."

"Does it?" answers the other girl wearily, leaning her head against the window-frame. "Oh, I wish it were all over! I wish it were this time next year!"

"Juliet, you haven't been like yourself lately; and really it is not my fault; it was you who thought of it—I should never have dreamed of such a thing but for you."

"I know, dear. I'm only a little low-spirited. It will soon go off, especially when we have got a houseful of people, and all the Christmas fun is going on."

And it is as she says. As the visitors assemble at Compton Cheney, her old gaiety begins to reassert itself—her eyes brighten, the color comes back to her cheeks, and she throws herself entirely into the enjoyment of the present, putting behind her all doubts and disagreeable thoughts of the future.

* * * * * *

"Juliet, I wouldn't say a word if I thought you cared for him, but I feel sure you don't. I don't believe you like him even so much as you like me."

"Why should you think that?" inquires the girl, with a pout, trying to disengage her hands from the young man's earnest clasp.

Juliet and Aubrey St. John are standing alone in the silent snowy country lane, the bare black boughs above their heads, the white hills rising around them, while, still higher, the winter sky darkens in the early twilight.

He looks down at her very gravely and sadly — a fair-headed, gray-eyed young fellow in a knickerbocker suit, with two pairs of skates slung over his shoulder.

"Why should I think it?" he asks, with wistful eyes fixed upon her face. "I cannot tell you that, for I scarcely know myself. I don't mean to say you act as though you do not care for him, but—— Well, look at Burnet St. John and Cecily. No one could doubt their love for one another."

"Oh, you mean because we don't go and sit in quiet window-seats to count the stars," she laughs, "nor prefer looking over scrap-books together to a good round game! I can't help it, Aubrey; I'm not made of that sort of stuff, and it does not seem that he is either, does it?"

"You would both feel very differently if you cared for each other."

"I think it is very uncomplimentary on your part to doubt his love for me," she retorts, turning away her head to hide the smile upon her lips.

"Juliet, I cannot understand you women. The last time I was here, not four months back, he was Edith's devoted slave, and you and he never so much as looked at each other. Now I find him engaged to be married to you, and Edith handed over to Lovelace, who is a thousand times too good for her."

"Too good for her! That dreadful man!" exclaims Juliet, opening her eyes wide in her astonishment.

"I can't see what there is dreadful about him. He's the best-looking fellow I ever set eyes upon, and as brave as a lion. I can tell you, whether you know it or not, the girls here think a great deal of him."

"But he never thinks about them at all," she says, laughing.

"No; I suppose that's why they admire him so much. I wish I felt like that, Juliet; I wish I didn't care a button about one girl that I know—if that would bring her to care for me. I should not be long in returning her affection."

"Well," she answers demurely, "Sir Evelyn does not care at all about me, but I am by no means dying of love for him—perfect though you seem to think him."

"I think he is a man and a gentleman, Juliet—and that is saying a good deal. If you had chosen him I might have been sorry for my own sake, but I should have been glad for yours."

"Why, Aubrey," she cries, laughing and shuddering at the same time—"that dreadful, cold, stern man! Why, I don't like him a bit—much less want to marry him! And he doesn't approve of me at all. He came on to the terrace the other day, and found me snowballing with Howard and Jeff and Burnet St. John; I suppose he thought me a tomboy, or else that I was flirting with Burnet—any way, he looked very much disgusted, and walked off as stiffly as possible. I suppose he would think I was flirting with you if he saw us now."

At that moment Sir Evelyn Lovelace himself comes round the turn of the lane, his approaching footsteps rendered noiseless by the snow, and he stalks by them with a curt salutation.

"'Speak of an angel,'" commences Aubrey, with a laugh, when Sir Evelyn is fairly beyond hearing.

"Angel, indeed!" she retorts. "He will be more angelic than ever after this. Of course he has heard every word."

"Well, it doesn't matter much, if you really don't pull well together."

"No," she says, looking forward to a certain event which is to take place in March, and thinking that it is just as well Sir Evelyn should know that she has no good opinion of him.

"But to return to our subject," continues Aubrey. "Juliet, if you can look me straight in the face and tell me you care for Randal Blakey, I will give you my word never to trouble you again."

"Aubrey, what right have you to ask such a question? If Randal is satisfied, it is no——"

She pauses—unwilling to wound him further.

"It is no business of mine, you were going to say. But I think it is—a little, Juliet. I love you very dearly, and you are my cousin; we have always been friends since we were quite little. I don't like to see my dearest friend and favorite cousin throwing herself away upon an empty-headed boy who isn't worthy to tie her shoelace."

"Then you think you are?" she questions mischievously.

"I think I am more worthy than he," he maintains stoutly; "and I know that I love you better."

She is silent, looking absently down the lane after Sir Evelyn Lovelace's retreating figure. Presently she says—

"What I have begun I mean to go through with to the end. It cannot be given up, do you understand? There, don't say another word, or I shall cry, and then uncle Phil will want to know, before a roomful of people, what has made my eyes so red."

She finishes with an attempt at a laugh that is almost a sob; and Aubrey draws her arm within his own with a sudden instinct of protecting her from he knows not what.

"Come, dear, we'll go home, and I won't bother you any more," he says sadly.

"Aubrey," she says, as they near the house, "you will be asked to the wedding, in March, of course."

"Yes; but I think I shall stay away, if you will not mind."

"I was just going to ask you not to come. I—I should feel much more comfortable if you were not there; at least, I think ——"

She pauses, in some distress.

"I understand perfectly, dear," he answers quietly. "You would not feel at ease knowing there was another there who loved you; and I could not bear to see it. No, Juliet, I shall not trouble you on that day, nor on any other. I hope I am not going to weary you with my unlucky love, dear; but, if you will let me, I will be your true friend all my life."

"Dear Aubrey, how good you are! You shall be my best and truest friend; and in the time to come, when I may need true friendship sorely, I shall look to you."

* * * * * *

Boxing Day is given up entirely to the children.

Most of the visitors staying at Compton take part in amusing the youngsters, and in the course of the evening, much to Juliet's disgust, some one proposes a game of forfeits.

Hoping however to escape by distributing the forfeits herself, she sits down in a corner, with her cousin Cecily's face hidden on her knees.

Cecily is a bright girl, clever at amusing children, and much laughter is excited by the odd things they are compelled to do and say through her agency.

At last she pronounces a very commonplace sentence.

"'Bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love best,'" she cries, and Juliet jingles a bunch of small bright keys above her head.

"Who is this?" she asks merrily, never dreaming of the real owner.

"Sir Evelyn's!" roar out a number of small boys.

"What have you there of mine?" asks Lovelace, coming forward on hearing his name called.

"They tell me this is yours," she says, handing the bunch of keys to him; "but I understood you were not playing."

"But he must do it!" the children cry.

"Must do it!" he repeats, looking round upon the laughing childish faces with a smile on his own grave dark face. "Well, I suppose I am at your mercy. The keys are mine, Miss St. John. What task has been set me to perform?"

Every one in the room is looking at him as he stands before her, tall and stately in his evening-dress—the elder ones in some amusement at the sight of the stern grave man forced into such child's play, the children all in high glee at having caught him against his will. Juliet repeats to him the words of the forfeit as shortly as possible.

"'Bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest,'" he repeats. "Well, that is not difficult, so far."

And, to Juliet's utter astonishment, he bows low before her, and then, crossing the room to Edith, drops upon one knee at her feet.

There is a low, irrepressible murmur of approval; and, coming back to the children, he stands again near Juliet.

"What is the last," he asks—"kiss the one I love best, I believe?"

"Yes," she says quietly.

"Kiss Ju," a small boy urges. "She's the nicest of all, and I'm sure you'd love her the best—I do!"

Sir Evelyn looks at Juliet for a moment, then turns upon his heel, and is going back to the group at the other end of the long drawing-room, when the urchin recalls him by shouting—

"You haven't finished, Sir Evelyn. You haven't kissed the one you love best."

"Never mind, Sid; let him alone," Juliet says to the child, in a low voice; but Lovelace has already retraced his steps.

"Oh, I forgot!" he says, looking rather vexed. "Well, which is your sister, Sidney? I choose her—for your obstinacy," he mutters.

"My sister? That's Cecily. But"—hastily, in fear of a private sisterly scolding, as that young lady shakes a warning finger—"if I were you I'd choose Ada; she's a very pretty little girl—and my sweetheart."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE phonograph, it is pointed out, will have many home advantages. A girl can take it up to her room, and in her loneliness, when her sweetheart is away, she can hear all the sweet things he has said to her. Conversations can be handed down from generation to generation. And, when the husband and wife quarrel, the wife will say, "My dear old mother warned me you were no good. Listen to what she said." And she will pull out the family phonograph, and a wheezy noise will be heard—"You'll find him out, my dear. All men are bad. There isn't a good man living—except your father sometimes."

FORGET THE PAST.

BY RITA.

Forget the past, and be once more
As you were wont to be,
When life but golden moments bore
For you, love, and for me!

Forget that e'er a cloud arose
To dim love's blissful sky,
That doubts should dare to interpose,
And perfect trust deny!

Forget the past, and all forgive,
For all the fault was mine;
I do not crave one hour to live
If love you thus resign!

O joy! I hear you sweetly say
The past is past and o'er,
That Love rejoins our hearts to-day
For ever—evermore!

Miles, The Carpenter

BY ELLA J. CURTIS.

CHAPTER V.

NOT a word was exchanged between the girls during the drive back to the cottage; but the moment they were alone together in the drawing-room, Isabel said, in a coaxing voice:

"Now, do not scold me, Nellie, dear. I know it was foolish."

"What was foolish?" Miss Chesney, asked innocently.

She had taken counsel with herself as she was being driven along the pretty shady lane that led from the church to Deepmere, and she came to the conclusion that it was far wiser to ignore altogether, or else to treat as a matter of no consequence, that audacious and embarrassing hand-shake.

It would be a fatal mistake to provoke a girl of Isabel's impetuous nature into opposition.

The anarchistic tendency was quite pronounced enough in her as it was.

"I was afraid you would think I was foolish to shake hands with Miles. But, really and truly, he looked so very like a gentleman in his Sunday clothes, I forgot for the moment he was only a common carpenter."

"I do not think I noticed particularly how he looked."

"Not when he came into church? Oh, Nell, I am sure you did! I should not like him to think that I meant to be condescending," Miss Heriot continued, after a pause. "It must hurt the feelings of a man of that kind to know that, no matter how talented or intelligent he may be, he is far below us in the social scale. Do you know, Helen, I am every day becoming more and more convinced that it is not birth, but intelligence and right conduct, that ought to constitute a gentleman."

"I daresay you are right, dear," responded Miss Chesney, but in her heart she was aghast at this Radical outburst. "But I should fare very badly, for instance, if you were to put your theory into practice, and carry out your principles to the bitter end. As regards conduct, I might perhaps pass as fairly well behaved; but, in the matter of brains, any little chit at the Board School could give me long odds, and beat me easily. But, I suppose, when you made that wise remark just now, you had some special man, or men, in your head."

"Yes; I was thinking of Frank Devonport and Miles, the carpenter. Why should the young gentleman have a fine house and a large income, and go about the world wasting money, while this young working man, who has, I am sure, twice the amount of brains, be obliged to work for his living? To see a man like Miles planing and hammering at bits of wood—it is very absurd!"

"My dear child, you are begging the question as hard as you can! In the first place, you know nothing about Mr. Devonport's brains. I should say he had a very fair share, from what I have heard of him. Neither do you know for a fact that he is wasting money. As to our friend the carpenter, I like to see him planing and hammering his bits of wood; and I am perfectly sure that, if he were less good-looking than he is, it would not occur to you, or to any other woman, that he was too good for his employment."

"Now, then, you are quite wrong!" cried Isabel, decidedly. "Looks have very little influence over me. I go much deeper than mere looks, I hope. I think of the principle involved in this unfair distribution of wealth."

"My dear Bel, it rests with yourself to carry out your principles. You are rich and independent. Marry a working man, and endow him with part of your worldly goods."

A rich and becoming blush rose suddenly to Isabel's lovely face.

"You are talking nonsense, Nellie," she said, severely. "I have no intention of marrying anyone; but I should not think myself disgraced if I were to choose a high-principled, honorable man who was not born in the purple."

"That is a very fine phrase," said Miss Chesney. "I have met with it in newspapers; but I do not think I ever heard it used by anyone before. Well, I hope you will fall in love with some nice fellow who was born in the purple; for there will be such a to-do if you throw the handkerchief to a poor man beneath you in rank."

"Yes; the fuss that is made when anyone leaves the beaten track and strikes out a new line is quite appalling. But, if I made up my mind to leave it, I should do so, and not pay any attention to what people said."

"I think the poor, much-abused beaten track can be made very pleasant," said Miss Chesney. "But here comes Miss Jaconette. She wants her luncheon, and perhaps she would like to hear what kind of a sermon we had."

"And what about Mr. Devonport?" asked the old lady. "Has he really come home?"

"I think the Oakshott pew was empty," said Helen; "and, as no one announced the grand news of his return, I fear it is not true. I wish he would come. We want a little excitement."

"Speak for yourself, dear," said Isabel. "I have excitement enough in the building of my new wing."

"And in turning the head of Miles, the carpenter," added Helen to herself.

As the weeks went on, Miss Chesney was obliged many times to question the wisdom of her policy of non-interference, for the hope that Miss Heriot would grow weary of her protege, the village carpenter, died out only too soon.

Helen even found herself taking an active part in the notice that was bestowed upon the young workman; and yet nothing was said, nothing done, that she could lay hold of.

She watched attentively; but, as far as her observation went, the position of employer and employed was rigidly held to both by Miss Heriot and Miles.

If she was condescending, as a lady in her place might very well be, he never presumed upon her kindness and favor; and yet, in some subtle manner that Miss Chesney could not define, he was not in July precisely the same Miles who had put up the trellis-work in May.

He now worked in a small coach-house attached to the cottage, in which he had gradually collected all the implements of his trade, and there he was making tables and cabinets for Isabel, under her personal superintendence.

Helen would not admit that he deserved to be called a skilled workman; on the contrary, she said boldly on more than one occasion that she thought some of things he turned out, although decidedly clever and quaint in design, were clumsy in execution.

But Miss Heriot declared she was perfectly satisfied with them.

It was impossible to say, when sundry little experiments that were started with a view to the mental improvement of Miles, the carpenter, became established customs.

Helen scarcely knew when or how the beginning was made, before she found herself giving full countenance to, if not actually aiding and abetting in, the work.

Miles was learning French from Miss Heriot, and he was teaching her what she was pleased to call the "rudiments of algebra."

In short, a "Mutual Improvement Society" had been established, and it had grown into very fair proportions before the beautiful summer days had begun to grow visibly shorter.

As the intermittent lessons gradually became regular, and the lapses of Miles into rough accent and uncouth pronunciation became rarer and rarer, Helen, who was watching suspiciously for some fatal act of presumption on his part that would justify her in interfering to have him thrust back into obscurity, discovered, what indeed she fully expected one day, sooner or later, to find—namely, that the unfortunate young carpenter was beginning to worship his beautiful young mistress with the fervor of a saint, and, possibly, the ardor of a man.

But in Isabel, happily, there were no visible signs of corresponding weakness.

CHAPTER VI.

MILES, the carpenter, used to come to the cottage for his French lesson at eight o'clock, when the ladies had finished dinner.

At ten punctually the "classes," as Helen called them, were supposed to end; but on several occasions eleven had struck before Miles went away.

Frequently an animated political discussion followed the French and algebra, and poor Helen would sit, metaphorically, on thorns, while Isabel aired her Radical opinions.

It was a very strange thing, but it was the landed proprietor who was the anarchist and leveller; the man who worked for his living, and had no stake in the country, held liberal views of such a very mild type that he might have been called a conservative.

But very rarely indeed could he be drawn into a statement of his opinions; he listened respectfully to Miss Heriot's views, but refrained from argument or contradiction.

Once or twice, in a most humble and hesitating manner, he begged Isabel to allow him the privilege of hearing her sing; and Helen saw his fine eye kindle and his mouth quiver with emotion as the girl sang with exquisite finish and expression, some simple, old-fashioned ballad.

He never went to the piano; he simply said "Thank you, Madam; you are very kind."

But Helen knew that a man never had such a look in his eyes, if love were not in his heart. She began to tremble for the future.

The evening he came for his first lesson, he put off his workman's dress, and arrayed himself in that, to a man, most trying of all costumes, a suit of gray tweed.

Helen caught sight of him first. She and Isabel were in the garden after dinner.

"Oh!" she cried, "what a mistake, Bel! He will just look like any ordinary 'Arry! I wish, for our sakes, he had kept on his working clothes."

But when he opened the gate and came towards them, taking off his soft felt hat respectfully as he approached, the girls involuntarily glanced at one another, and Isabel's eyes said plainly:

"What do you think of that?"

There was nothing in the very least vulgar or common in the young carpenter's appearance: and, as Helen somewhat reluctantly admitted later on, "His clothes might really have been made in Bond Street, they were so well cut."

Isabel, perhaps from a spirit of contradiction, declared that Helen exaggerated; and that, on the whole, she preferred the workman's linen jacket.

Meanwhile, the bricklayers were getting on apace with the new building, and Isabel hoped it would be ready for occupation early in the coming year.

But about the middle of September Miss Chesney made up her mind that it was positively cruel to allow the poor young carpenter's peace of mind to be ruined, and she determined to open Isabel's eyes, and get her away from Deepmere before it was too late.

Not being an adept however in strategy or circumlocution, she went straight to the point one evening as soon as Miles had taken his departure.

Isabel had sung "Barbara Allen," of all songs in the world, and her luckless pupil for the first time, or so at least it seemed to Miss Chesney, showed signs of losing his head altogether.

"Isabel," she said, the moment they were alone, "how long is this sort of thing to go on? Do you know what you are doing?"

"What I am doing? I am putting away my music just now."

"Nonsense! You are making that unfortunate young man madly in love with you. If you do not see it, I do."

Isabel's face blazed, and into her eyes came a sudden gleam that might have been anger.

"Do you want to insult me, Helen?" she said, and her voice was very low.

"No, no, my dearest, you know I do not; but I want to save you from an act of cruelty you would regret all you life."

"'Save me!' 'Regret!' I do not understand you."

Isabel's lovely head was drawn proudly up.

"Perhaps you wish to infer that I am in love with the carpenter?"

"Oh! no, no!" cried Helen. "Listen to me, Isabel, for one moment."

But Isabel had vanished, and Miss Chesney was too wise to follow her just then.

She was walking up and down the little room, wondering how she should undo the blunder she had made, when her eyes fell upon an object on the floor. It lay beside the chair Miles had occupied.

She picked it up. It was a cigarette-case of Russia leather, and on one side there was an elaborately-twisted monogram in silver.

She took it to the light and examined it carefully, and as she did so the perplexity in her eyes vanished, her whole face lighted up, and she laughed aloud.

A few minutes later, when she followed Isabel to her room and made peace with her before she slept, vowing that she (Helen) was a stupid old blunderer who always said the wrong thing at the wrong time, the cigarette-case was still in her pocket.

The next day she watched her opportunity, and restored the case to its owner, Miles.

"I found it in the drawing-room last night," she said, "after you had gone away."

Then she added, pointedly, "Miss Heriot has not seen it."

For a moment or two his eyes remained on the ground; then he raised them, and met those of his companion.

"Thank you, Madam," he said. "I must have dropped it last night."

"Stay a moment," cried Miss Chesney, as he was turning away. "There is a question I must ask. Do you know the person whose monogram is on that case? The initials are not yours."

"Yes," was the answer. "I know him very well."

He gave the faintest possible smile, and then added in a lower tone, in answer, as it were, to another unspoken question in her eyes, "Miss Chesney, can you not trust me?"

And something in his eager, beseeching tone compelled her to answer "Yes."

"Thank you," he said simply, and turned away.

"Are you talking to yourself, dear?" asked Isabel, as she came out through the open window.

"No," answered Miss Chesney; "I was talking to Miles, the carpenter."

CHAPTER VII.

FROM that day forth Miss Chesney uttered no protest against the steadily-growing intimacy between Isabel and Miles, the carpenter.

It seemed as if she had made up her mind that interference was useless, and that what must be must be.

Isabel, on the contrary, showed now and then signs of an inclination to draw back. She made one or two excuses to keep Miles from coming to the cottage every evening; but before long she gradually fell back into all the old habits save one—she never sang for him again.

But, as Miss Chesney ironically remarked to herself, she did worse, for she read selections from her favorite poets, and encouraged the young workman, who was being so deftly and prettily cultured and educated, to make remarks about what he heard.

Occasionally however he did more than volunteer an opinion upon the poem—he criticised the reader's method; and, to Miss Chesney's amazement, Isabel accepted his fault-finding graciously enough. And it was the more surprising, because she prided herself upon her reading.

Towards the end of September they were all very much excited about, and interested in, the arrangements that had to be made for the Harvest Home which Miss Heriot had announced her intention of giving at Deepmere.

There was to be a big dinner, and in the evening a dance and supper, and young and old upon the estate were bidden.

Miles proved himself to be an adept in planning and arranging for the convenience of the guests; and with his exertions, and those of the two young ladies who worked under his directions, the great empty barn which was to serve for the supper-room, were transformed into halls of delight, garnished with flowers and ferns, interspersed with spoils from the cornfields, and trophies of tempting fruits from the Deepmere hothouses, eked out by contributions from Covent Garden.

A little dais, covered with crimson cloth, was erected at the further end of the improvised ball-room, for the accommodation of Miss Heriot and the ladies and gentlemen, her neighbors, who were invited for the occasion.

"I suppose I shall have to dance with all the young clodhoppers in turn," Isabel said, half-ruefully, to her friend. Then she added, inconsequently, "I wonder if Miles, the carpenter, knows how to dance?"

"After a fashion, I daresay," replied Miss Chesney.

The evening came, and right merrily did the guests enjoy themselves. Capital music was provided, and the charm of Isabel's sweet manner, added to the fascination of her grace and beauty, won the homage and admiration of every man, gentle and simple, in the room.

The women, too, were loud in their praises of her dress.

It was chosen with the unfailing good taste of the wearer, who understood perfectly how to combine a certain amount of richness with the simplicity appropriate to the occasion.

"I never saw her look prettier," Miss Jaconette whispered to Helen Chesney, as they watched her open the ball with a rosy young farmer, the son of one of her principal tenants.

Miles, the carpenter, stood just below the dais.

He had put on his Sunday clothes, and several of the county ladies asked who he was; but, as it did not occur to them to ask either the hostess or her friend, their curiosity was not gratified.

Miss Chesney, who never lost sight of him, noticed how his eyes followed every movement of Isabel's, and once or twice, as the figure of the country dance brought her near to him, she saw a smile exchanged between them.

"It must soon come to an end, one way or another," Helen said to herself. "If I am not much mistaken, he will not be able to keep the curb on much longer."

A waltz followed the country dance; but, for the most part, the rustics were spectators, not performers.

Isabel danced with an Eton lad, the son of a neighboring Squire; and, to Helen's great surprise, Miles, the carpenter, offered himself to her as a partner.

"I am afraid I am but a poor hand at it, Madam," he said; "but I hope you will honor me by taking one turn."

It was not one turn, but half-a-dozen. He danced very well indeed, so well that his partner felt inclined to ask where he had learnt; but, on consideration, thought it better not.

The man had a good ear, and he fell naturally into the step.

"Well, dear, how did you get on?" asked Isabel, who made her way to Miss Chesney's side as soon as the dance was over.

"Very well indeed. The carpenter dances very well—for a carpenter. Are you going to take a turn with him?"

"Yes, I shall ask him for the next round dance; if he does not ask me," answered Isabel.

Another country dance followed the waltz; then came a quadrille, for which Miles begged the honor of Miss Heriot's hand; but she was engaged to the portly gentleman who acted as her agent, and who could not be neglected.

"But I shall waltz with you presently," she said, in a slightly patronizing tone.

It brought the color to his face, and he answered quietly—

"There is no necessity, if you do not wish it, Miss Heriot; I am not a tenant of yours, you know."

"But I do wish it," she answered, almost sharply, as she turned back upon him.

Accordingly, as in duty bound, when the music of the waltz began, he appeared at the foot of the dais, and held out his hand to help her down the shallow steps.

The next moment his arm was round her, and they were off.

And every instant as they glided easily round and round the large room, Isabel's

astonishment increased. For a carpenter, Helen said, he danced well! What did she mean? His dancing was simply perfection.

Never before had she found a partner who suited her so exactly.

She forgot that he was but a poor workman, a mere village carpenter, and said some complimentary words about his dancing, and how delightful waltzing was when one had a partner whose step suited one's own.

He replied with an extravagant compliment to herself.

She laughed it off. He followed by an expression of his happiness in having her for a partner; he said a few well-chosen words in praise of her dress and the arrangement of her hair, and said them without rebuke; and all might have gone well, if she had not suddenly remembered who she was, and also that the man who was boldly expressing admiration and approval was but yesterday working at his bench in her coachhouse! She grew frightened, and stopped abruptly.

"One turn more, Madam," he entreated. "Do not turn me out of Paradise so soon."

The title of respect was so incongruous with the rest of the speech that she laughed, but she did not refuse.

The intoxication of the dance speedily came upon her again; she was conscious that her partner's arm encircled her more closely—she met his eyes, and was startled by the look of passionate admiration that leapt into them in a moment.

"Oh, what have I done?" she said to herself. Then she heard his voice, or, was it imagination? Had he dared to whisper, "Isabel, I love you?"

She stopped short; her face was flushed, and her heart was beating so fast she could scarcely breathe. Miles, with his heart beating too, looked at her imploringly.

"I think you had better go," she said, in a cold, hard voice. But he remained where she left him.

"Who is that very handsome young fellow you were dancing with, my dear?" said old Lady Bushfield. "He reminds me of someone I used to know. What is his name?"

"Miles. If he has a Christian name, I do not know it. He is only a carpenter in the village—one of my workmen," Isabel answered, in a voice so distinct that it was evident to one of her hearers that she had spoken with intent.

"Only a carpenter. One of my workmen."

The disdainful words brought a smile to the lips of Miles. He deliberately mounted the steps of the dais, and standing before Isabel and Lady Bushfield, held out his hand, and said, 'Good-night, Miss Heriot, I am going."

"Oh, good-night to you," the young lady answered. "Do not let your dissipation spoil your work to-morrow."

"You need not fear, Madam," he answered, quickly; and his face burned now, for she affected not to see his hand. "I have my work cut out for to-morrow."

'Those sort of people make so free, if you take the least notice of them," he heard her say as he turned away.

As she said good-night to her friend an hour or two later, Helen was struck by the worn, anxious expression of the sweet face which had looked so lovely and so brilliant at the beginning of the evening.

"You are tired, dear," she said.

"Very tired," Isabel answered. "Sick to death of the whole thing. I wish I had never come here. I think I shall pack up and go abroad at once."

"I wonder," thought Helen, as soon as she was alone, "if all this has anything to do with Miles, the carpenter?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE following morning, Miles, in his working dress, was planing and hammering as usual at his bench in the coach-house at the back of the cottage. Isabel kept her room, on plea of a headache, until late in the afternoon. She was restless and excited, and clearly incapable of settling to any of her favorite occupations. She spoke of her intention of going abroad, but it was evident that she had not absolutely made up her mind to leave Deepmere.

Miss Jaconette was upstairs, indulging in her afternoon nap, and the two girls were in the drawing-room. Helen was busy with her crewel work, and Isabel had a book; she turned over a page now and then, but she did not read a line.

"Is that man here to-day?" she said at last, so abruptly that Miss Chesney was quite startled.

"What man do you mean, dear?" she said.

"Miles, of course. There is not another man."

"Yes. He is here."

"Would you mind telling him that I shall not be home in the evenings any more—at least not at present? I do not want to give him the trouble of walking up from the village for nothing."

"That is very considerate of you. May one ask what he has done to offend you?"

"Done! What could he have done?"

"I am sure I don't know. A great many things. Asked you to marry him, for instance."

Helen, you should not say such a thing, even in jest. I should think he knows his place a little too well to make such a ruinous mistake. But, to tell you the truth, dear"—she spoke with elaborate carelessness—"I am sure you are right; it is not kind to the young man to notice him so much. He put on the airs of a man who was quite one of us last night. Did you not notice it? I was obliged to give him a decided snub before Lady Bushfield. He came up on the dais to say good night to me."

"Is it possible? And how did he take the snub?"

"I do not know. I saw no more of him."

"I dare say he is quite crushed. I must look in upon him presently, and tell him the evening classes have come to an end. If he collapses, you must send out some brandy, and relent."

"I wish you would be serious, Helen. It's no laughing matter."

"I am immensely serious. I feel the situation keenly. Our one excitement is failing. We were hard at work elevating one of the masses, and lo! he rises too fast, and has to be suppressed. Moral: Let the masses alone."

Helen presently went away, and returned in about ten minutes.

"Well," said Isabel, looking up eagerly, "what did he say?"

"Nothing for a moment or two. Then he gave a funny little laugh—I assure you he did—and said, 'Very well, Madam.' I think that 'Madam' is most aggravating."

Dinner was not a very lively meal that day at the cottage. Isabel had not recovered her spirits, and she was captious and hard to please. The evening promised to be a dull one, but at nine o'clock a ring at the hall bell announced a visitor and presently a servant came in to say that Miles, the carpenter, had called to see Miss Heriot on business.

"Ask him to wait in the hall for a few minutes," said Isabel.

"In the hall? Oh, Isabel!" exclaimed Miss Chesney, as soon as the servant was gone.

"And why not in the hall?" asked Miss Heriot, sharply. Then, with a sudden change of tone, she added. "What am I to do, Nellie? Advise me. Shall I see him?"

"Why, of course. He only wants to ask you something about his work, I suppose. He did not see you to-day, you know."

"Very well. He had better go to the morning-room."

"No; see him here. I can go away," said Helen. She could not have explained why she wished her friend and Miles to meet in the room in which so many happy evenings had been spent of late. "No, do not ring. I can tell him to come in as I pass through the hall."

Miss Chesney found Miles standing, cap in hand, awaiting his young mistress's pleasure. "Miss Heriot will see you in the drawing-room, Miles," Helen said. She waited until he came up to her; and their eyes met, they both smiled.

Isabel had seated herself at her writing-table with her back to the door. She remained in the same position for a minute or more after she knew her visitor was in the room; then she turned her head, and with a careless "Oh, good evening, Miles, you want to speak to me," she rose and resumed her usual seat.

He came toward her, and she saw that he was very pale. Her color kept coming and going rapidly.

"Miss Heriot," he said, "I came here this evening to know what you meant by treating me as you did last night when I offere to shake hands with you. I may be only the village carpenter—one of your workmen, as you said within my hearing—but you have not until now treated me like a dog."

"Oh, that is absurd," she said. "I never treated any one like a dog. But if I offended you, or hurt your feelings, I am sorry for it, what more can I do?"

"You can do a great deal more," he broke out. "There was no thought of snubbing me in your mind when we began to dance together; you talked to me as if I were your friend and your equal. You did more, Miss Heriot. You talked to me as you might have talked to a man you—you——"

Isabel rose.

"Miles, you forget yourself," she said, coldly. "Do not make me regret that I befriended you."

"Befriended me!" he cried. "Befooled me, you mean. Do you suppose, Madam, that if you had not encouraged and bewitched me by your kindness and condescension, and your talk about equality, I should have presumed to say what I said last night when I forgot everything, except that I held you in my arms? I have not been presumptuous, for, until last night, you never resented my advances, and you must have seen that I was learning something much sweeter than a good French pronunciation from your lips."

"I cannot—I will not listen to you," cried Isabel. She did not dare to look the audacious Miles in the face. Every word he spoke cut her like a knife, and how loudly her own heart pleaded for him she alone knew.

"You must listen," he replied, quietly; "for after this night, unless you send for me, you will never see me again. I love you with all my heart and soul and strength; I would gladly die if I might kiss you once. But I am talking nonsense," and he laughed." I should want to live then, that I might kiss you again. That is the truth, as I am a living man; but I will not stay here to be treated as you treated me last night. If you do not care for me send me away, do not torture me by kindness one moment that means nothing, and by cruel snubs the next."

She could bear it no longer. She must either send him away or keep him forever. Drawing herself up in order to look dignified and majestic, she turned a pair of lovely, scornful eyes upon him, and said, coldly and resolutely, "I command you, Sir, to be silent, and never dare to address me in that way again. I overlook your insolence this once, for I do not think you quite know what you are saying; but it must never be repeated, and, from to-night, your services will not be required. Be good enough to apply to my agent for the amount of wages due to you."

She did not wait for him to go; she went herself, and after her, into the hall, and then out of the house, without further protest or reproach, went the unabashed and presumptuous Miles, the carpenter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEDS AND BEDSTEADS.—The first bedstead mentioned in the Bible is that of Og, King of Bashan; it was nine cubits long and four broad, and would accommodate a man twelve feet in height.

The bedstead Shakespeare mentions must be of nearly like proportion. It is a structure twelve feet square, and is still to be seen in one of the inns of the English village of Ware.

The eastern nations seem never to have made much use of bedsteads; a mattress laid on the floor or a divan used as a seat during the day serving as a bed at night.

Egyptians ornamented their bedsteads elaborately, as did also the Greeks and Romans.

The bedsteads of the Greeks, though of the simplest forms, were beautifully carved, and often overlaid with ivory and tortoise-shell, while the feet were of silver. Each Greek swathed himself in his blankets, and lay like a mummy taking his rest.

The Romans in the time of the empire adorned their bedsteads with plates of silver and gold, and had luxurious mattresses and elaborately embroidered counterpanes. Step-ladders were necessary to ascend to the bed.

The Romans taught the British the use of bedsteads and of straw for beds instead of the hard ground, and until the close of the thirteenth century straw beds were used even in royal chambers.

During the feudal period the retainers slept on a shake-down of straw in the great hall, and pillowed their heads on a billet of wood. The use of feathers for pillows and beds was brought into England from Rome by the Crusaders.

The Romans copied from the Egyptians. Straw and wool have been used from the the earliest times for beds. Hair is of quite recent invention as stuffing for mattresses, and, next to straw is, doubtless, the most objectionable of all materials used for this purpose.

A TWO-SIDED PICTURE.—Through all the oratorio of history we hear the voices of women, whom no man can compel to silence. We hear the sorrowful notes of the song of Jephthah's daughter mingling with the tender voice of Ruth, standing breast high amid the summer corn.

Tremulous with a woman's fear, but resolute with a sublime purpose, comes the voice of Esther, carrying her life before the golden sceptre for her people's sake; we hear Elizabeth speak with a loud voice and no man can silence her; women brought their little ones to the Saviour, in the face of the disciples' rebuke, and He does not censure them for usurping authority over a man; a woman washes His feet with her tears; Joanna, Mary, Susanna, and many others minister to Him of their substance; women lingered at the cross when all men forsook Him. Why, then, be proud that you are a woman.

True, she cannot sharpen a pencil, and outside of commercial circles she can't tie a package to make it look like anything save a crooked cross section of chaos; but, land of miracles! see what she can do with a pin! She cannot walk so many miles around a billiard table with nothing to eat, and nothing—to speak of—to drink; but she can walk the floor all night with a fretful baby.

She can ride five hundred miles without going into the smoking carriage to rest, and get away from the children. She can go to town and do a wearisome day's shopping and have a good time with three or four friends without drinking a keg of beer.

She can enjoy an evening visit without smoking half-a-dozen cigars. She can endure the distraction of a house full of children all day, while her husband sends them all to bed before he has been home an hour.

Every day she endures the torture of a dress that would make an athlete swoon. She possibly cannot walk five hundred miles in six days for five hundred dollars, but she can walk two hundred miles in ten hours up and down the crowded aisles of a shop, when there is a reduction sale on. A boy with a sister is fortunate; a fellow with a cousin is to be envied; a young man with a sweetheart is happy; and a man with a good wife is thrice blessed more than them all.

THOUSANDS OF YEARS SAVED.—One may get some idea of what railways mean in the saving of time and money to passengers by taking the case of London. It is estimated that about 500,000 persons, or about one-tenth of the population of the entire area of the metropolis, require to travel to and from their business every day all the year round. If we remember the distances, it is not too much to assume that the railway will economize for each at least two hours in the week—or, say, five days per annum each. This for 500,000 people means 2,500,000 days—or an economy of 8300 years of 300 working days each! Suppose the average earnings of these 500,000 people to be $500 per annum each—not too high an average when we remember the number of millionaires included in the total—we shall see a total money saving—in the sense of time being money—of equal to $4,000,000 per annum. And this in London alone.

He that labors is tempted by one devil; he that is idle, by a thousand.

Scientific and Useful.

WATER METERS.—The use of waters meters in restricting waste limits the average daily consumption of water in Berlin to twenty-five gallons per head. Every house has its water meter, the landlord paying the water rent.

TENDER FEET.—A remedy for tender feet is cold water, about two quarts, two tablespoonfuls of ammonia, one tablespoonful of bay rum. Sit with the feet immersed for ten minutes, gently throwing the water over the limbs and upward to the knee. Then rub dry with a crash towel, and all the tired feeling is gone. This recipe is good for a sponge bath also.

FIRE-PROOF STABLES.—Fire-proof stables are not uncommon in Germany, and are very simply built. Timbers like railroad ties are placed from three and one-half to four feet apart, arched corrugated iron put between them and filled in with a mixture of cinders and lime, making it deep enough to protect the timbers. The trap or door to reach the loft is made of sheet-iron, filled in with the same compound. This kind of fire proofing is very cheap and very effective.

SIGNALS AT NIGHT.—Some experiments have lately been made at Cape Town in transmitting messages by flashing electric lights upon the clouds at night. The signals are read like those of the heliograph, and besides being available at night the system has the advantage over the heliograph of not requiring high stations. The terminals may be below each others horizon, while the heliograph requires considerable altitude, strong light and clear air for operating over long distances. Under proper atmospheric conditions messages were transmitted from a vessel forty miles off shore to the land in the experiments referred to.

THE TELEPHONE.—Glasgow has a system of automatic telephone call boxes. There are seventy six of the boxes scattered about the city, and every subscriber has a key to them. A non-subscriber wanting to use them must first ring up the exchange and ask if the connection he desires can be made. If it can, he drops the fee, which is either 3 pennies or 5, according to the distance he wants to talk into a hole in the box. The pennies as they fall break circuit and ring a bell at the central office. When the bell has rung the required number of times, the central office makes the connection. At the end of the three minutes allowed for conversation the connection is broken automatically. The average time taken to put two persons in telephonic communication in Glasgow is 35 seconds; in Birmingham, 40; in Liverpool, 33; and in Dundee, 20. This was ascertained from the results of ten calls in each town.

Farm and Garden.

THE LAWN.—Ducks and geese should never have access to a lawn. They pull the grass up by the roots. As they are voracious feeders, and not fastidious, they can be made to do good service, however, on fields that are covered with young weeds.

ROSE BUSHES.—Weak rose bushes may be made to grow by giving them an occasional watering of liquid manure. It should not be too strong. An application once a week is better than applying a large quantity at once. Always stir the soil after the ground becomes dry.

MILK.—To purify the air in a newly painted room it is usual to put several tubs of water in it, and the water will absorb a great deal of the smell. This should be remembered when the milk is set in a room where all kinds of odors prevail. Milk will absorb even more than water.

STRONG ENOUGH.—See that vines, stakes and trellises are sufficiently strong to support the vines when in full leaf and fruit. To have them break down in a shower and heavy wind is a misfortune, and a laborious job to straighten them out again, and always attended with more or less injury to the vines.

BY FIRE.—A New York farmer cleans phosphate barrels by building a fire of shavings or dry straw in them until they are charred all over inside; they are thus "purified as by fire," and fit to store potatoes in. Neglected beef barrels can be purified the same way; so can musty cider barrels by taking out one head.

FOWLS.—As a rule farmers and amateurs should avoid the handling and purchasing of other than the best known and most firmly established varieties of fowls, such as are well known to breed true. By so doing they become possessed of a flock of birds which will be productive, and in almost every case possessed of all the merits claimed for any loud-puffed new variety.

WEEDS.—Where weeds have grown up in the garden to such a height that they cannot be plowed or spaded under, cut them down and let them dry. After they have been well dried apply fire and burn the surface of the ground over, which can be done with but little risk if a close watch be kept over the fire as it progresses. The advantages will be that the appearence of the ground will be better, the ashes will serve as a fertilizer, the seeds of weeds prevented and thousands of insects destroyed as well as saving labor in the garden next season.

Affectation hides one vice by many virtues as charity does sins.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 4, 1888.

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Then and Now.

A few sentimental croakers among us are found of bewailing our present comparative degradation, while exalting the finer qualities and conditions of old mediæval times. They pose as noble malcontents—and superior-minded dissentients; and they think others low and base and poor in proportion to their content with things as they are and calm appraisement of life as it was.

People with every modern luxury, fastidious to quasi-disease on all things pertaining to niceness and cleanliness, and accustomed to the absolute freedom of personal habit which can come about only by a settled state of society and complete public security, lament the time when rushes, green boughs or straw were the only carpet over the uncleansed floor—when diseases rose like mists from a marsh from the hideous foulness beneath—when gas and oil were unknown, and pine wood torches or rudely moulded candles gave the light that was needed—when the bath was a matter of ceremony and the daily tub was a thing unknown—when dogs fought with beggars for the scraps flung on the ground by the satisfied revellers—when the roads were unsafe for traveling, and every great gathering ended in a brawl or more serious fight—when homicides and murders were commoner than with us are cases of pickpocketing or petty larceny—when the seigneur had the right of life and death over his vassals, and no man's liberty was his own—when women were married according to the lord's will, as he might pair his falcons on his greyhounds, and babies in their cradles were betrothed or perhaps married—when the lady and her handmaidens were often kept prisoners in the castle for weeks and months at a time, because of the foe encamped without—when there was no law but that of the stronger, and God did not always defend the right in the judicial duel between the accused and the accuser.

There was so much to stir the imagination in those picturesque times—when life seems to have been one long day of heroism in the field and gallantry in the lists! Now, save for an occasional brush with a burglar, life is so destitute of stirring incidents in the way of heroic daring, and, save for an occasional earthquake, a railway accident, or a shipwreck here and there, we are all so prosaically safe! We have no Cids, no Bayards, no lovers like Queen Guinevere. Our women wear tailor-made dresses; our men are all democratically alike in their plainness and hideousness. O for the days when the one trailed behind her long flowing lengths of samite, and when the other wore chain armor and embroidered surcoats!

Every kind of petty personal restriction cramped the free energies of the people in those days so much regretted by the sentimentalists. The villein was the villein through life unto death, and his lord owed him no consideration. Oaths, blows, torture, death—the lord was master of his own, and no stranger might intermeddle with these purely domestic matters. Besides this, the scale of tyranny went up through various gradations till it reached the monarch—each man having someone higher than himself to whom he was bound to pay some sort of fealty.

But indeed the record of olden times is a sad one. Stained with blood and wet with tears, darkened by ignorance and overlaid by superstitions, defaced by tyranny and everywhere in a state of unrest and lawlessness, it has only its poetic aspect to recommend it—only the efforts made by a struggling humanity to free itself from the chains cast about it, and to come out into the free light of heaven, redeemed and restored to the birthright it had been deprived of. What we are now, with our shrieking steam-engines and volumes of black smoke, our captains of industry and our armies of workers, our equal laws and abolition of privileges, is a thousand-times better than in those old heroic times which poets delight to honor and painters to beautify. If the good of the race is the great object of the race, we have done far more towards that desired end than in the days when knights went capering through the pathless forest and over the untilled plains in search for adventures of a warlike kind. Our African explorers, who have no more romantic object in view than to bag big game or to open a new market for goods, are of far more value to the world than all the Sir Lancelots and Sir Galahads that ever meandered through the pages of romance; and the despised factory chimney is a sign of greater glory than the shield hung up by some sick-brained chevalier spoiling for a fight. We have to go on, not to go back; and victories of life lie on the horizon before us, not in the grave behind us. Art and science ought to lend serenity and dignity to life, and progress means wealth and comfort and security. Crusader and knighterrantry are alike at a discount; and those who maunder in jeremiads for their loss speak according to fancy and not according to knowledge, and forbear to realize their own ideas.

In the family training of children one of the most important things to be taught by practice as well as precept is strict honesty; and this cannot be done where debt is not regarded as a serious obligation. Nothing is too small to be regarded in the question of property and no liberties should be taken and no evasions or secrecy be permitted even in little transactions. The beginnings of great wrongs is in trifling errors. The child in whose way a penny is not safe may become a dangerous man when dollars tempt him.

Philosophers have very justly remarked that the only solid instruction is that which the pupil brings from his own depths; that the true instruction is not that which transmits notions wholly formed, but that which renders him capable of forming for himself good opinions. That which they have said in regard to the intellectual faculties applies equally to the moral faculties. There is for the soul a spontaneous culture, on which depends all the real progress in perfection.

The future is always fairy-land to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But by degrees, as we advance, the trees grow bleak; the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived—to reach a desert waste.

For the man who makes everything that leads to happiness, or near to it, to depend upon himself, and not upon other men, on whose good or evil actions his own doings are compelled to hinge,—such a one, I say, has adopted the very best plan for living happily. This is the man of moderation; this is the man of manly character and of wisdom.

Men seem neither to understand their riches nor their strength,—of the former they believe greater things than they should; of the latter much less. Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labor truly to get his living, and carefully to expend the good things committed to his trust.

The philosophers have said that every act of virtue or friendship was attended with a secret pleasure; whence they concluded that friendship and virtue could not be disinterested. But the fallacy of this is obvious. The virtuous sentiment or passion produces the pleasure, and does not arise from it. I feel a pleasure in doing good to my friend, because I love him; but do not love him for the sake of that pleasure.

Sordid and infamous sensuality, the most dreadful evil that issued from the box of Pandora, corrupts every heart, and eradicates every virtue. Fly! wherefore dost thou linger? Fly, cast not one look behind thee; nor let even the thought return to the accursed evil for a moment.

Frugality is good if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.

A virtuous and well disposed person, like a good metal, the more he is fired, the more he is fined; the more he is opposed, the more he is approved: wrongs may well try him, and touch him, but cannot imprint in him any false stamp.

Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and of farewell; like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day gray and cold.

Sensitiveness is closely allied to egotism. Indeed, excessive sensibility is only another name for morbid self-consciousness. The cure for tender sensibilities is to make more of our objects and less of ourselves.

A maxim is the exact and noble expression of an important and undisputable truth. Sound maxims are the germs of good; strongly imprinted in the memory, they nourish the will.

Heroism, self-denial, and magnanimity in all instances, where they do not spring from a principle of religion, are but splendid altars on which we sacrifice one kind of self-love to another.

In solitude deprives of the benefit of advice, it also excludes from the mischief of flattery. But the absence of others' applause is generally supplied by the flattery of one's own breast.

Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

Sordid selfishness doth contract and narrow our benevolence, and cause us, like serpents, to infold ourselves within ourselves, and to turn out our stings to all the world besides.

The dark in soul see in the universe their own shadow; the shattered spirit can only reflect external beauty, in form, as untrue and broken as itself.

Applause waits on success; the fickle multitude, like the light straw that floats along the stream, glide with the current still, and follow fortune.

There are some people who think that all the world should share their misfortune, although they do not share in the sufferings of anybody else.

Each thing lives according to its kind; the heart by love, the intellect by truth, the higher nature of man by intimate communion with God.

Esteeming others merely for their agreement with us in religion, opinion, and manner of living is only a less offensive kind of self-adoration.

The World's Happenings.

The late Emperor Frederick III. reigned just 99 days.

There are about 10,000 Japanese Christians in Japan.

An anti-moustache movement has broken out in London.

At Chamberlain, Dak., on July 4, two tribes of Indians played a base ball match.

It has been decided in Sacramento that a pocket knife is to be classed as a burglar's tool.

California's wine crop is expected to reach 25,000,000 gallons. Last year's was 17,000,000 gallons.

The fact that there have been nine murders in Maine since New Year's is arousing a feeling of alarm there.

The Oxford English Dictionary shows that there are 15,000 words in current use beginning with the letters A and B.

Two girls, the oldest nine years of age, were found intoxicated by a policeman in Lowell, Mass., one night recently.

A wild girl is at large in the forests of Catahoula Parish, La. She frequents the streams, and subsists almost solely on fish.

In Fairfield county, S. C., Joseph R. Balch, a plantation overseer, died the other day from hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a cat.

During 23 weeks of this year 3126 patents were issued by the United States Patent Office, but of this number only 53 were issued to women.

There are now 98,000 Chinese laundrymen in the United States, and 12,973 Chinese laundries, earning $20,983,340 annually, having an original capital of $325,000.

James Clark, of Grand Forks, Dakota, bet with a companion, after he had begun to swim across the river at that place, that he would not drown. Clark lost the bet.

A young French officer is said to have invented a microphone which will record and announce the approach of a body of soldiers and give some idea as to their numbers.

"Green mint" is the latest fad in swell New York bar-rooms. It is made of spirits, sugar, peppermint, and a squeezing of spinach leaves to impart a violent green color to the mixture.

There are possibilities of a Chinese version of "Hamlet." The President of the Imperial Academy at Pekin has undertaken at imperial command to translate Shakspeare's works into Chinese.

One of four tramps arrested at Grand Rapids, Mich., for vagrancy and immorality, was a woman dressed in men's clothes. She said she had been a tramp for a long time, and had served terms in prison.

While in mourning for Frederick III., London gayety went on in black and white robes, and "magpie" dinners and "magpie" dances, as they are called, were just as gay as though they were birds of paradise.

A Bridgeport, Conn., boy, 4 years old, who had been placed in the bath-tub, turned on the hot water during a moment's absence of his mother, and before the little fellow could be rescued he was so badly scalded that he died next day.

John O'Neal, an engineer on a coal barge anchored in Boston harbor, made a bet of five dollars that he could dive under the barge and come up on the other side. He made the attempt, but struck his head against the barge and was drowned.

A 70-year old citizen of New Brunswick, N. J., was swindled out of $100 recently by a pair of New York bunco sleerers. One, in apparent jest, grabbed his money and ran off; the other kindly followed the joker to return the money, and both thereafter immediately disappeared.

"Five Points," New York's jumbo perambulating ice-water tank, is again in commission. It goes about the metropolis distributing ice water free to the poor. The tank, which in general appearance somewhat resembles a horse ambulance, holds 800 gallons, and is thrice emptied on excessively warm days.

Public parks are recommended as a preventive of anarchy. A recent speaker traced the connection between a certain class of virtues and open spaces. Riotous uprisings never find their source in that part of the population dwelling in the vicinity of parks, since anarchists frequent thickly crowded quarters, the alleys and densely populated courts.

Eighteen students at the University of Pisa, in Italy, agreed on a plan to wake each other up in the morning. One was to blow a trumpet and continue to do so until it was echoed by 17 toy trumpets, denoting that all were awake. The consequence was that all the city was awakened early, and the Rector of the University received a remonstrance begging to abate the morning trumpets.

Wild animals command various prices, according to their species, ages and the dangers attendant upon their capture. A good male lion is worth about $1000 and a tiger $1200. Leopards are worth $300 apiece, and monkeys range from $10 up to $50. Parrots, too, vary greatly in value; young birds being worth about $10, and old talking specimens ranging from $50 to $100, the price depending largely on the size of the vocabulary.

According to the British consul at La Rochelle, since the failure of the vineyards from phylloxera, an imitation of claret is made there by steeping raisins and currants in water, and mixing the compound with cheap Spanish wine. In other districts of France a spurious brandy is made from a mixture of beet root and cheap German spirit. This, having been sent to a port of exportation in its true character, is re-marked and sent abroad as cognac.

Edison has invented a new dinner clock which talks. Instead of striking the hour it speaks it. At dinner-time a voice issues from the clock and says "dinner-time," also "1 o'clock," "2 o'clock," etc., as the case may be. Another device which he is perfecting in connection with the clock is that of a female face, which he purposes to set in the face of the clock. The lips of this figure will move at the hour, the head will bow, and the fictitious lady will say, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, it is bed-time."

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Oh! rest, thou weary pilgrim, rest!
Thy travels here are o'er,
Thou'rt in the mansions of the blest,
With God, whom we adore!
And all thy ardor, all thy zest
Bright Zion's hills to climb,
On earth we shall know nevermore,
Till we reach heights sublime.

Thy mourning orphans weeping, wail,
That thou hast met thy doom;
But God's dear words can never fail
To lighten all their gloom;
To check the tears that can but flow
At thy last earthly tomb,
And calm their sobs of grief and woe,
That thou hast left their home.

The Color of His Coat.

BY L. CROW.

"WANDERING about the Continent at one's own sweet will is awfully jolly," quoth Lesley Cameron, a beauty and bride, "and no happy pair ever enjoyed their honeymoon more than we have enjoyed ours—eh, Evan?—but after all, I think the pleasant part of it has been the coming home again, and finding every one and everything just as we left it.

"Yet not every one, either," Mrs. Cameron added, after bestowing sundry pats on the pet dogs and cats gathering round to renew acquaintance with an old playfellow. "As far as you are concerned, dear Mrs. Willans"—and she gave a smiling nod to the handsome, dignified old lady, with whom Lesley was an especial favorite—"as for you, why, you look as if you had been sitting amongst your birds and flowers at work on the selfsame piece of embroidery—how lovely it is!—ever since I bade you good-bye! All here would be just as pretty and peaceful as I always remember it, if only Drusie looked as she used to do."

And then this happy bride, to whom care and trouble were yet unknown, turned to contemplate the features of a girl about her own age, twenty-two, who was conversing with the bridegroom.

"No, it is not my fancy," she said, in conclusion. "Drusie is thinner, paler, and graver, and she will have to tell me why."

Dropping the Persian kittens that were purring on her knee, Lesley unceremoniously broke in upon the talkers.

"You are not looking well, Drusie. What has been the matter? Have you been moping since you lost me?"

Before Drusie, whose delicate cheek crimsoned and eyes sank, could make any reply, Mrs. Willans eagerly interposed and answered for her.

"My dear Lesley, you must not run away with the idea that we have been stay-at-homes for the whole of the summer. Drusie and I have paid several visits, and treated ourselves with a few weeks in Normandy. You must see her sketch-book. Go, love, and fetch it. I am sure our friends will be delighted with some of your drawings."

As soon as the door closed behind her niece, Mrs. Willans addressed her visitors in a half-whisper.

"Pray don't remark on Drusie's looks. She is in excellent health, and is fast recovering her cheerfulness. An unfortunate attachment, which it would be impossible for me to sanction, has cost both of us a great deal of unhappiness, but we are getting over it, and the dear child will soon be her old merry self again."

Mr. Cameron raised his eyebrows, and his bride asked—

"Do you think so? I can't imagine such a girl as Drusie forming a disgraceful attachment. Oh! Mrs. Willans, it sounds impossible!"

"I don't think I need that word, my dear! If I were a worldly old woman, anxious for my orphan niece to make what is called a 'good match,' I should not have entertained these objections to Captain Norcott's suit; but I love Drusie too well to let her throw herself away on a soldier."

Little Mrs. Cameron drew up her small form, and retorted stiffly, "My father was a soldier, ma'am!"

But the next minute she was biting her lip with vexation, reminded by Mrs. Willans's significant glance that the parent of whom she had but the faintest recollection, had ended a reckless life by dying in debt.

Drusie's appearance with the sketch-book was a relief.

After it had been admired, and a promise exacted that Mrs. Willans and her niece should visit the young couple as they were settled in a house, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron took their departure.

When Lesley found herself alone with her husband, her wrath burst forth.

"So my poor Drusie is breaking her heart; she is being sacrificed to an old woman's obstinacy. I thought all such foolish prejudices were exploded."

"I heard something of this at the club last night," said Mr. Cameron.

"And did not repeat it to me, sir!" pouted his bride.

"Don't scold, but thank me for it, my love; it would only have made your meeting with your friends an awkward one. But I have no objection to telling you, now, that Percy Norcott and I were at Rugby together, and great cronies then, though we have since lost sight of each other. Norcott went into the Fusileers and distinguished himself in Egypt. He is a straightforward, honorable young fellow."

"Then why does Mrs. Willans object to his marrying Drusie?"

"Because she saw something of military life fifty years ago, and does not comprehend that the drinking, swearing, swaggering militaire, like the four-bottle country gentleman, has vanished, and made room for such men as Gordon, and others I could name."

"She must be taught better," said Lesley, with decision.

"Not by you, my dear. I cannot have you heading a crusade against Mrs. Willans's prejudices. It would only end in your offending her, and, possibly, making Drusie's position worse than it is now."

"You talk," exclaimed Mrs. Cameron, with an angry sob, "as if I were——"

"As if you were"—and her mouth was stopped with a kiss—"a rash, impulsive little woman, who forgets that it is often wiser to let things right themselves than to meddle."

"I don't see the force of your reasoning," Lesley retorted.

"Possibly not, but have patience; if there should be a chance of helping the young lady by-and-by, you need not let it slip."

"I will not," said Mrs. Cameron, so emphatically that her spouse shook his head at her, and repeated his embargo on meddling.

And, indeed, Drusie was beginning to think herself forgotten by her more fortunate friend, when the fulfillment was claimed of Mrs. Willans' promise.

Mr. Cameron, wrote Lesley, had rented a house in Hampshire for the sake of the shooting.

It was in the midst of charming scenery, which would afford his wife and her guests delightful rides and drives, besides subjects for Drusie's pencil.

As Drusie continued provokingly triste, and, moreover, was troubled with a hacking cough, the prospect of change and more lively society than her own was gladly accepted by her aunt.

They had lived together very happily till this young officer came in the way, but now all was changed, and the hitherto docile girl refused to credit or even listen to Mrs. Willans' predictions of what such women as consent to share the wandering life of a soldier may have to endure.

In the neatest of turnouts Mrs. Cameron, an experienced whip, was waiting at the nearest station for her guests, whom she proceeded to drive to Glenside through the most secluded of lanes, where the long trails of brambles were just beginning to put on their autumnal coloring.

Thence up, and up, a steep sandy ascent, until they came in sight of the villa. Built on a table-land, and sheltered from the north by a belt of pine-trees, it stood in the midst of lawns and gardens. Behind it the ground still rose, ending in one of the wide wild moors or commons familiar to all who know the county, or the adjoining one of Surrey.

The air was so invigorating, the views the windows commanded so extensive, that Mrs. Willans was delighted with Glenside.

She was, however, startled, as she sat in the drawing-room after dinner, by the boom of a heavy gun, and looked at her host for an explanation.

He began winding up his watch.

"That was the 9 80 gun at Elshot Camp. What! did not Lesley tell you that we are only a couple of miles from that famous military station?"

"No, I did not!" responded his wife stoutly; "I was afraid Mrs. Willans's horror of the red-coats might induce her to refuse to come to us, and I was hungering for one of the good old times with her and Drusie."

As the face of her niece betrayed no guilty knowledge of Lesley's deceit, Mrs. Willans condoned it, and no further allusion to the subject was made. Moreover, Mrs. Cameron proved herself a cautious as well as agreeable hostess, taking heed that none of their many pleasant drives should be in the direction of Elshot, and being equally careful not to express too loudly her sympathy with Drusie and Drusie's rejected suitor.

Was it to flatter the vanity of Mrs. Willans, an adept in all kinds of art-needlework, that Lesley manifested a great desire to work a set of chair-covers? and it was quite by chance that her selection of satin for the groundwork of the design was made at the principal shop in the next town just as a tall, thin, very simply-dressed, but *distingue* looking lady was buying flannel and print at another counter?

A recognition followed.

Lesley begged to be allowed to introduce her friends to Lady Jane Elsey, and Lady Jane was soon appealing to Mrs. Willans for advice in her purchases; and what was more to the purpose, acting upon it.

She wanted homely, useful goods, to be made up at a mothers' meeting, and was, or professed to be, doubtful as to the quality of some calico recommended to her notice.

"An excellent business woman," Mrs. Willans called her ladyship on the homeward drive.

"Overpoweringly energetic," murmured Lesley, with a shrug, for which a mild rebuke was administered.

"My dear, Lady Jane's activity and energy put us all to shame. Why, she tells me she has spent several years in the Bombay Presidency, and held Sunday classes and mothers' meetings for all the English women and children within her reach. Is she the wife of the rector? Did you hear her invite us to be present at the annual treat she gives to her schools? It takes place next Wednesday. Will there be any objection to our going?"

"If you are sure you wish it, dear Mrs. Willans," replied Lesley, dubiously, though her eyes were sparkling with mischief.

Yes, Mrs. Willans was quite sure. She always took an interest in parish work, neither was she as easily bored or fatigued as Lesley appeared to think.

She was appeased with a murmured apology, and on the afternoon in question the wagonette was ordered out, and Mr. Cameron warned that he must hold himself in readiness to act as charioteer.

The weather was propitious without being too sunny, and if Drusie's mouth had ceased to take such a sorrowful droop the drive would have been thoroughly enjoyable.

There was no dust to interfere with their comfort, for at the foot of the hill on which Glenside was perched, Mr. Cameron piloted his steeds through a white gate in some park palings, and followed the windings of a grassy ride or drive till it ceased abruptly with the summer suns.

Was this to be the scene of the school treat? and from whence were the children coming who were to be feted?

Not a creature was visible, but at regular intervals bell-tents had been erected, and from behind a clump of trees at the other extremity of the plateau smoke was rising.

Drusie had just pointed out an opening through which she caught a glimpse of two or three huge boilers, tended by half a dozen stalwart figures, when an exclamation from Mrs. Cameron drew her attention to another quarter.

The children were coming!

Yes, their voices could be faintly heard in the distance, swelling into lusty cheers as they drew nearer. And with their songs and hurrahs mingled the tramp of horses' feet and the rattle of wheels, till a sight burst upon the eyes of Mrs. Willans and transfixed her, if not her companions, with astonishment.

This was no bevy of little rustics trudging over the ground in scattered groups, urged on by two or three hot, weary teachers.

A long line of the wagons of the Army Transport Corps, each drawn by four horses, was coming up one of the drives, packed with children and gay with banners and evergreens.

With military promptitude each driver halted at a given point, and, as if by magic, the bare plateau was quickly covered with moving figures, soldiers from every regiment stationed at Elshot—soberly garbed riflemen mingling with the blue jackets of the Artillery and smart undress of the Dragoons—presenting themselves to assist the children in alighting and to further their sports.

Not by tens or twenties had the little ones arrived, but by hundreds, and they rushed hither and thither, attracted to one spot by the toot-too-roo of Punch, to another by a roundabout and swings; while army schoolmasters, in their neat uniform, and intelligent-looking schoolmistresses, watched over their respective flocks.

Gratified parents came to see, and seeing, share the enjoyment of their offspring; carriages rolled up, filled with the wives and daughters of officers, who took a friendly interest in the children attached to "Ours;" and civilians from the immediate neighborhood came, like the Camerons, to look on, or listen to the excellent music discoursed by the two military bands that had set up their music-stands at either end of the plateau.

Presently Lady Jane, brisk and voluble, dispensing nods and smiles on all sides, made her way to where Mr. Cameron had drawn up his wagonette, and, insisted on carrying off Mrs. Willans to show her the pride of the regiment, the color-sergeant's twin babies.

So she was not a clergyman's wife after all! "My husband," she proudly called the grey-haired colonel, who wore the Victoria Cross, and displayed other signs of active service in his halting gait and the wide scar across his brow.

Before Mrs. Willans had overcome the shock of this discovery, she found a pretty young matron at her side dropping curtseys and smiling recognition.

"Hannah Jones! you here! I thought you had an excellent situation with the maiden sisters to whom I recommended you!"

"So I had, ma'am, but you see, ma'am, I've married into the Dragoons. Jim's a lance-corporal, ma'am, with two good-conduct stripes, and our company's been lying at Elshot ever since we left Norwich, where me an' Jim got acquainted."

"I hope you'll never repent it," said Mrs. Willans, so severely that the corporal's wife bridled up and protested.

"Oh, ma'am, it isn't likely, and Jim so steady! Two stripes and his name down for promotion, and it's all through him that we've mother living with us. She have been very ill, and Jim hasn't begrudged nothin' I could get her."

"Ill, has she? I am sorry to hear it." Hannah's mother had been a valued servant in the Willans' household. "Give me your address; I will call and see her before I leave the neighborhood."

And then Drusie's aunt retreated to the carriage, for a glance in that direction had shown her how it was surrounded by gentlemen with whom that thoughtless Lesley was gaily chattering, while even Drusie was unusually animated; and if Evan Cameron thought proper to take this opportunity of renewing his intimacy with an old schoolmate, how could his guest offer any further objection than was conveyed by the chilling air with which she acknowledged Captain Norcott's respectful salutation?

Before the Camerons drove off the ground, Lady Jane invited herself to dinner at Glenside on the following day, promising to bring Colonel Elsley with her.

But when she arrived it was alone. Some regimental business had detained her spouse, who would, however, try to walk over in the evening and bring some of the boys with him.

"Bless them!" exclaimed her lively ladyship, "they'll come for the sake of escorting me back to my quarters. I try to be a mother to the lads when they first join, and to keep the home influences in their minds, and really they more than requite me for it! Tom and I were dreadfully cut up when we laid our little children in their graves over there in India, one after another, but perhaps it was for the best. I expect I had them long enough to wake up the motherhood in me, and make me more useful in the regiment than I should have been if they had lived."

And Lady Jane dashed away a tear that she might tell a bright little story about one of her lads, as she called all the subalterns of her husband's regiment, a story in which Mrs. Willans was deeply interested, till she found that the hero of it was Percy Norcott.

* * * * * *

Very grim was the aspect of Drusie's aunt when her niece came to bid her good night.

Not only had Captain Norcott been one of the little party who gaily announced themselves as Lady Jane's escort, but Drusie, when asked to sing a North-country ballad Colonel Elsley admired, had followed it up with a little song about waiting and hoping, which she warbled with a pathos and fervor some of her hearers could not fail to understand.

"If you and your friend Lesley have plotted and schemed to bring me here, and then place me in a false position," quoth Mrs. Willans; "let me tell you that your tactics—to use one of the military terms you affect—are not likely to be successful."

"You are unjust, aunt, as well as unkind!" Drusie retorted, with more spirit than she usually evinced. "I have neither plotted nor schemed. It was you who made the acquaintance of Lady Jane Kisley, not I. As regards Captain Norcott, I frankly told you, when you forbade me to accept him, that I would never marry any one else, neither will I."

"We will leave here on Monday," said Mrs. Willans.

"I shall be glad to go," her niece replied with a sob. "To be so near him—to see him—and to know that it is only a prejudice that keeps us apart, tries me cruelly!"

"I have been a mother to you, Drusie," she was pathetically reminded.

"Can I do more to prove my grateful sense of it, madam, than when I give up my own happiness rather than disobey you?"

Drusie ran away, unable to trust herself to say more; and Mrs. Willans kept her room on the following morning, which happened to be on Sunday, alleging a headache as an excuse for breakfasting in bed, and going to morning service alone.

By one of those accidents which occur to all of us, the old man of whom Mrs. Willans inquired her way to the nearest church, decided that she must mean the imposing red-brick edifice to which the cavalry stationed at Elsbot are marched for morning prayers, and a brief but stirring exhortation from one of their chaplains, and directed her thither.

Mrs. Willans approached the military church from the common; the men came up the wide road between the blocks of the permanent barracks.

Scarcely had she glided in, with the twitter of the birds in her ears and the scent of the wild flowers in her nostrils, when the troopers began to file in through another door, filling up the long rows of seats with the exception of the few reserved for officers' families, till the fluttered spinster found herself hemmed in on every side.

"How nice of you to come to one of our churches!" whispered Lady Jane Elsley, tucking a hand into her arm as soon as the service was at an end, and the men were marching away at quick step to the music of one of their own bands. "Now you'll come to our hut and lunch with Tom and me—I'll take no denial—and afterwards we'll go to the married women's quarters, and have a good motherly comforting gossip with some of the poor souls whose husbands are under orders for foreign service."

How many peeps into life in camp Mrs. Willans had that day, under the guidance of Lady Jane, she did not reveal to her curious friends at Glenside.

She returned thither in a very grave and reticent mood, but that she did not propose to carry out her intention of going home on the morrow was soon apparent.

Until late in the afternoon she kept her room, still alleging headache, but looked as if woe meant heartache.

When she did come down-stairs, it was dressed for walking, that she might pay her promised call on the corporal's wife.

She would not consent to take the carriage, nor permit her now really distressed niece to accompany her. Even Lesley's offer to be her companion was ungraciously declined. Only her ignorance of the route induced her to agree to have a servant in attendance.

Corporal Jim's wife was not located in the barracks, but occupying part of a cottage just beyond the town that has sprung up between the camp and the once secluded little village from which it has its name.

Mrs. Willans found Hannah in great trouble, her mother having been seized with symptoms too alarming for the doctor's assertion that the danger was not imminent to be consoling.

Always in her element when she could be useful, Mrs. Willans dismissed her guide and devoted herself to the sufferer; nor would she leave her till some hours afterwards, when the attack passed off and she sank into a refreshing sleep.

As a matter of course, Corporal Jim made ready to escort the lady back to Glenside.

By this time he had so completely won her good-will by his eager, if clumsy, efforts to be of service, and his patient tenderness to his young wife, whom grief and terror had rendered irritable, that soon after they had set forth, the tall, silent soldier striding along at a respectable distance, Mrs. Willans beckoned him to draw nearer.

"Corporal," she began in her severest tones, "I have no doubt that you are a well-meaning young man, and your behavior to your wife's mother does you credit, but I'm sadly afraid you've not chosen a good kind of life."

Her auditor hemmed and meditated, then propounded the opinion that there was good and bad of all sorts; and also pleaded that in the army a fellow was brought under discipline and learned to be smart and clean, and all that.

"But it is bad for your wives and children; you soldiers can never give them a settled home."

Again Jim considered before replying.

"But if a man marries on the strength—and he oughtn't to do otherwise—there's a roof overhead, and fire and food and schooling, and Christmas gifts for the little ones, wherever he goes. The working man has to shift quarters every time work gets slack, and can never depend on regular rations, can he?"

"But your officers do not set you a good example; how can they, if they are reckless, thoughtless men; drinking deeply, gambling away their incomes——"

Here Jim's low whistle broke in upon these excited utterances.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but this is rayther too sweeping, ain't it? I wouldn't wish to serve under a better colonel than ours; and the captain of my company is a gentleman, and no mistake. There's good and bad, just as there's rich and poor, in all sorts and all professions, as I think I've said before; but——"

"What building is this?" interrupted Mrs. Willans, stopping abruptly in front of a handsome well-lighted edifice.

"Why, this is one of our Institutes, ma'am; an officer's widow started it for us, and it flourishes. There's another over yonder, where Hannah and me would have been at this very hour if it hadn't been for the old lady's illness. A miscellaneous entertainment, ma'am, for the benefit of a home for fatherless boys, is goin' on there at this moment."

And Corporal Jim pointed to a placard which, however, Mrs. Willans was already perusing, her eyes lingering longest on the announcement that one of the songs would be sung by Captain Norcott.

"I think I should like to go into this place," she said presently, with such a quiver in her voice that her escort stared and wondered.

But to hear was to obey: he led the lady into the Institute, proudly pointing out its reading and coffee rooms and other advantages, and finally procuring for her a seat in a corner where she could see and hear without being herself observed.

The first part of the entertainment was drawing to a close, and a brigadier-general, under whose patronage it was held, had risen to say a few words before he made the early retreat ill-health necessitated.

He was no orator, yet he was heard with the profoundest attention, as he urged upon his auditors the needs of the lads—sons of soldiers like themselves—for whom this home was founded, and reminding them of the enemies to be fought in peace as well as war, bade them do what they could to preserve these orphans from the temptations that had assailed them in their youth.

Amidst a storm of cheering the veteran departed, and as soon as silence was restored, Captain Norcott sang his song. It was dashing, patriotic, and well sung, eliciting such vociferous encores that he could not refuse to sing again.

But this time he selected Drusie's favorite ballad with its pathetic refrain—"Still hoping, still waiting"—little thinking that Drusie's aunt was present, weeping behind her veil the tears that would have their way.

A message was brought to Captain Norcott as he left the platform.

A lady wishing to speak to him! If he marvelled at this, how much greater was his astonishment when the lady proved to be Mrs. Willans!

"Will you take me back to Glenside?" she asked—"to Drusie? and if my love for her has made me harsh to you, and caused me to cling too firmly to my old-world prejudices, will you not—for her dear sake sake—forgive me?"

My Uncle's Will.

BY D. KER.

"JOANNA is nine years old to-day," my mother said, looking at my father with gloomy, unsmiling eyes.

Child as I was, I felt that my birthday was no festival season to my parents. I colored and shrunk abashed, as my father answered, with a glare of almost savage rage in his eyes, "And we have yet nine years to wait! Nine ages in this mode of desolation!"

"Yes, and what an ugly little creature it is," my mother rejoined, lifting her eyeglass languidly to look at me, then dropping it with almost a shudder, and raising her fine eyes with an expression, half-hopeless, half-imploring towards the ceiling.

My father muttered something about the uselessness of showing off "airs" in such a spot; and then both went on eating their breakfast, as if they had not done that cruellest wrong of inflicting a mysterious, but not less poignant, pang upon the heart of an innocent child.

As soon as I could, I crept away from the table to ponder in solitude the thoughts that oppressed me.

Why did my birthday always cast such a shadow of gloom over the household? What was that goal, nine years away, so anxiously awaited? Was I, then, as ugly as my mother had implied?—would everyone who saw me shudder at the sight?

A heavy burden this, of thought, for a head that but nine years had passed over; but it was to be borne alone, for I had no friends, no confidants, no childish playmates.

I lived alone, with my parents and two old servants, as harsh and silent as they, in that desolate house on the wild flats of Lincolnshire. I had never known any other home; though I had learned, by chance words dropped from my parents' lips as they impatiently chafed at the invisible chain that bound them to this seclusion, that much of their lives had been spent in far different scenes.

I longed for the love, for the caresses, the fond care that other children received, but which had never been bestowed upon me. I had not passed the boundaries of childhood before I had gained the assurance that my sole consequence to my parents arose from the fact that I was in some way the instrument by which they were to be released from their hateful seclusion, and restored to the station and condition from whence they had fallen.

How this was to be accomplished I was not told; but I somehow learned that it gave me power—the substitute I was forced to accept for a child's true influence in the home circle.

As I grew older, the angles and sallow tints of childhood vanished.

The agues and fevers, born of the foul mists and marshy exhalations amid which I lived, tortured me no more. My form rounded into symmetry, my brow was fair, and my cheek was blooming.

My mother ceased to shudder and cast appealing glances to heaven at sight of my ugliness; and my father, no longer savage, though impatient, pronounced the laconic sentence that I "would do."

The mystery of my life was not yet explained; but my eighteenth birthday approached, and I had been too long taught to look forward to that as an important era of my—of our life, doubt that the solution would not be long delayed.

As it came near, the old cottage was embellished as much as narrow means would permit both as to its exterior and interior condition. My mother and myself had new dresses from Lincoln, and my father in the evening performed the unwonted luxury of a dinner toilet, and appeared at table in the garb of a gentleman instead of that of a gamekeeper.

A week before my birthday, I found, on going down, a stranger standing with my father before the breakfast-room fire. My father came forward and saluted me with a kiss, as I have seen other fathers do since, but as he had never done before; and then he presented to me my "cousin, Claude Leveridge, who had arrived late last night."

We had never had a guest in our house before; and, prepared as I had been for an arrival, I greeted the stately man who bowed before me with a courtesy as proud as his own, I doubt not, but with an awkward blush that I felt crimsoned cheek and brow, and tingled in the very hand that, in obedience to my father's sign, I laid in his.

He addressed a few sentences of light compliment to me, and then turned to address my mother as she entered.

As he bent over the fair hand she offered him, I saw that he was no longer young. Time had thinned his locks, and left many a silvery thread shining about his temples, while deep lines marked his face, and wrinkles nestled about his eyes.

I knew well that this guest, this hitherto unknown cousin, was somehow connected with my fate.

I began to wonder if he would take me away from my dull, sorrowful home—if we all should go—if he were very rich, and would establish us in a splendid house such as I knew my mother had inhabited in her youth.

Then I thought he might have a wife, perhaps daughter, whom I should see and learn to love.

In fact, I quite adopted this latter theory, and resolved to ask him, at the first opportunity, why they had not accompanied him on his visit.

My father left us as soon as breakfast was over, and then my mother and our guest settled down to a long conversation about the people and the world from which the former had been so long banished. I was a listener, for I could take no part in such topics; and I learnt that Cousin Claude had resided in France for many years of his life, returning to England only for brief visits.

Still, when in London, he had mingled with the society my mother had once known, and had much to tell her of it, as well as of his Parisian experiences.

He spoke quietly of some scientific triumphs he had achieved. There was even a tinge of sadness in his tone as he mentioned them. My mother detected it, for she said, almost compassionately, "Even in the midst of this career, Claude, you must have been lonely. It was not the life wholly fitted for you; it was an existence perverted, though not as ours has been."

"You speak truly, madam," he replied; "but"—glancing at me—"I may soon hope to claim my reward, may I not? And you——"

"Hush!" my mother said hastily; and she laid her hand upon his arm, and shot a warning glance towards where I sat, beside the window.

Their voices sank to whispers, and I rose and stole out of the room.

A terrible unrest seized me. I trembled in the anticipation of the revelation that awaited me. I could not remain in our weed-grown garden; but tying on my bonnet, started, in the full glow of the warm spring noontide, at a furious pace along the road that led to the fields whither my father had gone.

I meant to seek him, and tell him that the time had come when I must and would know all—that I was no longer a child, nor to be treated as an irresponsible being.

What more I might have done or said I know not, for from other lips, ere that day's close, the revelation was to be made.

Swiftly as I walked, a swifter step followed me—a man's long, firm stride, that annihilated the long reaches of the yellow road.

I heard the sound, and turned, with a flushed face, to meet Claude Leveridge.

"I have come to join you in your walk; and what a chase you have given me, little cousin!" he said, smiling, but breathing fast from the haste in which he had come. He walked by my side, and began to talk to me quietly of things I well understood; till, presently, I felt as if he had been an acquaintance of years, and asked as well as answered questions.

"Why did you not bring your wife and daughters?" I said, at last.

Claude stopped, turned, and looked steadily in my eyes.

"Are you serious?" he said, after an awkward silence. "Have you really been kept in ignorance, or is this assumed for effect?"

He turned away, and I heard him murmur,

"The mother was a schemer ever; can it be that this girl is like her?"

"Did you not know that I had neither wife nor child?" he asked, turning to me again.

I returned his gaze steadily, and answered, "Truly, no. You are as old as papa! and I thought there might be those belonging to you whom I could know and love, for indeed I am very lonely here."

"I have nobody. I have only myself. Do you think, now that you know me a little, you can ever learn to love me?"

There was a smile on his face, but a red glow mounted over it, and he trembled as he regarded me. My eyes fell beneath his gaze, but no ray of enlightenment reached me.

"I am sure I shall love you, cousin, very much. You will come to visit us sometimes, will you not?"

"No; I shall never come here again," he answered; "but, if you choose, you can go away with me, and live with me always. Do you think you can do that? Do you think you could be my wife?"

I glanced at him in surprise. His wife! He was as old as papa, and his locks were gray—in short, in my seclusion, the thought of marriage had never been presented to me.

We walked on together in silence until we came to the high ground where trees grew, and tempered the growing heat with their cool shade.

Beneath one of these Claude seated himself at my side, and told me all the story of my strange life, and lifted the veil of mystery which had hitherto enveloped it.

When he had finished, he said, "Now you know all, Joanna, and you see that the fate of many persons—their worldly prosperity—rests in your hands.

"As my wife, the fortune remains with me; your father and mother are amply provided for; you are removed to scenes better adapted for your happiness; you are in the hands of one who will know how to guard and care for you in all the untried circumstances of your new life—who will love you as a husband, and counsel you as a father.

"Dispassionately, I should say that your happiest course lay in accepting me, because you ensure large worldly prosperity to yourself and to those you are bound in duty to consider—because you place yourself in your own proper sphere and station—because I know myself to be an honorable man, well fitted for the responsibilities your decision would devolve upon me. On the other hand, I see a taint of selfishness in my words. Your young beauty tempts me; the fortune you secure to me tempts me; and I question myself if I have a moral right to seek to bind your youth to my declining years—though without you they must be passed in comparative poverty, no small sacrifice to one who has known only luxury! Only since I have seen you have I learnt to feel all the embarrassments growing out of our uncle's strange will."

He paused; and I, who had been revolving in silence all he had said, answered calmly, "I am to accept you, then, before a eighteenth birthday, or all this wealth goes to swell the coffers of various hospitals and colleges; my parents are still poor, condemned to this dreary life; you are impoverished, and I am for ever shut out from all hope of a higher earthly existence. Is it so?"

He bowed his head.

"I see papa coming," I said. "I will go to him; and to-morrow morning I will inform you of my decision."

He kissed the hand I extended to him; then drawing it within his arm, he led me to my father.

I shut myself in my room that day, and spoke to no one. I knew, now, how my parents had always regarded me—less as a child than as the instrument of their release from poverty.

They must be freed—I saw that clearly—but perhaps I need not be married at once.

I decided the question quickly enough that I would accept my cousin. Had I possessed but a little more experience, I should have known that my reluctance to a ratification of my vows arose from a doubt whether I could love the husband I felt compelled to accept.

The next day the old house was filled with smiling faces—no gloom sat on any but my own, and I kept my sadness for the solitude of my own room. A week later, the day following my birthday, Claude went away.

In another month my parents and myself left the old house for ever.

We took up our abode in the splendid London mansion where my uncle had lived his lonely, useless life. Here we were soon surrounded by the *elite* of society. I had young companions of my own sex in plenty; but I found them shallow and frivolous.

I had lived in thought, they in the externals of a giddy existence. I liked the young men no better.

Claude grew daily in my esteem and

affection. I became reconciled to a lot that would secure me so kind and constant a friend.

I learned to lean upon and trust him. He was counsellor, guide, friend, as well as lover.

We were married, and I was happy—a brief bright happiness. The month we had allowed to travel was not passed when I brought home his mangled remains—crushed out of all human semblance by that dreadful railroad collision which shocked the country that year, and entered the home he had prepared for his bride clad in the garments of widowhood.

I remained in my solitude some years—years that I devoted to the improvement of my mind.

I was twenty-one when I again re-entered society. I was still young and not unattractive, and I was rich.

I need not have remained a widow long, but I was in no haste to marry; above all, I meant, if ever I resigned my liberty, it should be into the hands of one whom Claude might have approved.

And at last I found such a one, or he found me. More truly, I suppose, a mutual and inexplicable attraction drew our spheres into contact.

We knew not of each other's existence, as we know things here, until we met, but our souls were no strangers even in that hour.

They mingled then into one—a bond of sweetest unison was formed, of which marriage was but the external symbol, and in perfectest accord all the years of our life have since been passed.

Claude would have loved this man, and often I think that he looks upon us from that other life to which he has gone, and smiles upon a union that is so completely fraught with happiness.

Chevelier Legrand.

BY ARTHUR READY.

"YOU generally seem to win when you play with Mr. Blopper," said Jones one evening at the Club, when the Chevalier and his partner had been carrying all before them at whist.

"It is true," assented the Chevalier, jingling the white in his trousers' pockets the numerous gold coins that had found their way to those receptacles in the course of the evening. "Meestare Bloppare plays a very fine game. It is no credit to win with so good a partnare."

The Chevalier made a stately inclination as he spoke towards the object of eulogium, who acknowledged it by blushing and looking foolish, for the latter of which processes nature had endowed him with unusual facilities.

He was a snub-nosed, bald-headed little man, with the peculiar species of florid complexion at which one would be disappointed were it not supplemented by a pair of sandy whiskers; however, Mr. Blopper's whiskers were satisfying.

He wore a black tail-coat a little large for him; and with his grey trousers, massive gold watch-chain, and square-toed boots, looked like a tradesman retired from business—as was the case by all accounts.

Not so the Chevalier. He was tall and aristocratic-looking; his hair, which was grizzled, was worn cut away over each temple; he had a coal-black moustache and twinkling black eyes, and in his unexceptionable evening dress, with a bit of red ribbon in his button-hole, he was emphatically the distinguished foreigner.

Not much was known about the Chevalier. He had been amongst us some six months, or a little more.

He had come in the first instance to drink the waters for which our city is famous. For nearly a month after his arrival he stopped at the principal hotel, drank the waters religiously every day, and as he was always well dressed, and his manners were polished and agreeable, he soon made a number of acquaintances. Having been elected to the Club, and having received a few invitations, he was soon discovered to be an acquisition to the society of the place.

He was a good dancer and quite a ladies' man; he talked amusingly, the more so for his broken English; he was a fair billiard-player, though he was an unlucky one, and was continually losing small sums and having to pay for the game.

Jones and I had a conversation on the subject, as we walked home from the club that very evening.

I had been losing, for I had been one of the Chevalier's opponents; and partly, perhaps, to console myself, I hazarded the remark that what never made one hundred dollars' difference to me at the year's end, one way or another, Jones shook his head.

"I can tell you one man, Perkins," said he, "to whom it makes more than one hundred dollars difference at the year's end—or at the week's end for that matter."

"Whom do you mean?" said I.

Jones stopped, and struck his stick on the ground to give his words additional emphasis.

"Perkins," he said, "I've been watching that old Chevalier very closely for some time, and in the last fortnight alone he has won upwards of five hundred dollars.

"Never," said I, staggered.

"It's a fact. He never gets up a loser. And I've noticed another thing. He always wins—always—when Blopper is his partner. What do you make of it?"

"I never liked Blopper," said I. "He was very near being pilled when the Chevalier put him up for the Club."

"Did the Chevalier put him up?" asked Jones quickly. "I was away at the time."

"Certainly. Blopper came about a week after the Chevalier was elected; and the Chevalier, who had met him at Scarborough or somewhere, some years ago——"

"Humbug!" said Jones. He is often rather rude, is Jones; one of those shrewd, long headed fellows that are never taken in, and are very uncompromising in expressing their opinions.

He and I are always at loggerheads. He always thinks the worst of people, and I always think the best; but I am bound to confess that he is generally right in the sequel.

"Perkins," he resumed thoughtfully, "I mistrust that pair. We'll keep our eagle eyes on them, old boy. We'll watch them and see if they are up to any tricks together. You are a man of the world, you are, and you know a thing or two. Watch their game."

"The Chevalier hates people to look on," said I innocently.

"I dare say he does," said Jones, very dryly; and here, as we were at my rooms, we said good-night and parted.

As I was smoking my final pipe over the fire before turning in, I found my thoughts very full of Jones's suspicions.

It occurred to me to calculate my own losses of late, and to examine how often they had taken place when I was opposed to the suspected pair.

I was astonished at the result. Taking my play and the cards I had held into consideration, I was amazed to find how poor a show I had made against Mr. Blopper and his foreign ally. I made a strong resolution that I would carry out Jones's suggestion.

I commenced operations the next day. I found out very little. But one thing I noticed. I found that the Chevalier's play when he had Blopper for his partner was vastly superior to his play when I myself or any one else of like calibre was on his side.

I was so much an habitue of the card-room and so much in the habit, when I was not playing myself, of looking on at other people's games, that my surveillance of the Chevalier and his supposed confederate did not attract their attention in the least. But watch as hard as I might, I could find out nothing.

At last, after a week had gone by—a week, however, which swelled the Chevalier's gains very considerably, I noticed—I was beginning to think that Jones was wrong, and that the two men simply understood each other's play peculiarly well, when, at last, I found out something.

It was a wet afternoon, and, according to custom, there was a whist before dinner. Whether the weather had any influence, or whatever the reason, my senses seemed to be unusually on the alert. I watched everything. It struck me, but I was not quite certain, that when the Chevalier and Mr. Blopper cut the two highest or the two lowest, as the case might be, in cutting for partners, it was usually one of the pair that handled the pack last. I was not certain on this point; but it was clear to me that they drew each other for partner rather more often than I should expect.

I watched their faces. Not a look passed between them. Each was absorbed in the study of his own cards.

There was, of course, no mirror in the room in which the cards could be reflected; and there was a fresh pack for each rubber, so the cards could not be marked.

Yet I grew more and more certain every moment that there was collusion between the two. If so, how did they communicate?

I looked at their legs. The Chevalier sat upright in a stiff military attitude; Blopper sat in a heap, with his legs tucked under his chair. There was no communication under the table. I was at fault. Again I felt inclined to give the thing up, and, leaning back in my chair, ceased to strain my eyes upon their every movement, and allowed my attention to relax.

Now I have always been noted for the acuteness of my sense of hearing. It is painfully acute; so much so that innumerable of life's jarring sounds, which fall unheeded on an ordinary ear, are to me a source of positive agony. As, then, I lounged in my chair, in a sort of half dream, I heard a little tap. The room, of course, was perfectly still, as the exigencies of the game required. I hardly noticed the sound, but presently it came again. This time it was doubled—tap, tap. My attention was now thoroughly aroused, and I listened with all my might. Three times more I heard it—once single, twice treble.

What was it? Merely the Chevalier drumming on his cards with his finger nails. But in the course of my professional experience I had given much attention to telegraphing, flag signalling, and signalling of every kind; and I felt convinced that these taps conveyed information from one to another with reference to the game.

I moved in my chair, so that I could watch the Chevalier's left hand. Now I knew what to expect, I never missed one of these quaint. But I could not interpret them. Clearly they meant something, but I could not make out what.

Presently I noticed another thing. The Chevalier, when it was Blopper's turn to lead, would raise his first finger the least bit in the world from his cards, or he would similarly raise the second finger, or the third, or the fourth. This movement was distinct from the taps, and probably conveyed some different meaning. I watched Blopper's leads, and I found it out. I had already noticed that Blopper did the same thing when it was the Chevalier's lead.

This was what I discovered. When the first finger was raised, the partner usually led a heart. The second finger called a diamond; the third, a club; the fourth a spade.

I had scarcely made this discovery when the rubber came to an end, and I had to postpone my further investigations. I said nothing to Jones about my success; for I was resolved to elucidate the meanings of the taps before I gave my revelation to any one.

I had a conjecture in my mind as to their probable significance—a conjecture which I ultimately found to be correct.

During the next few days I made the most of my opportunities, and I got the taps complete.

A card has been played, say the three of diamonds. One tap means, "I hold the ace."

Two taps, given slowly, denote the king; three denote the queen. One tap, followed quickly by another, like a quaver in music followed by a semi-quaver, denotes the knave; one tap, followed similarly by two little ones, denotes the ten.

So far, so good. But I was sure there were other signals in use between this precious pair, by which they conveyed to each other how many they had of a suit. This was done by a movement of the cards in the hand; by closing them up, so that only the backs of a certain number could be seen.

But I could not discover the secret of this manœuvre, do what I would. All that I saw was that there was no signal when three of a suit were held; doubtless because that is the average number.

However, I had now all that I wanted. I verified my discovery by one more patient and careful scrutiny, after which I told Jones. He listened to me with close attention, and then slapped me on the back.

"Perkins, my boy," he was pleased to observe, "you are not such a fool as you look. What shall we do with them?"

"Why, there's the difficulty," said I, subduing my elation at this compliment. "The fact is that I—I seconded the Chevalier when he was put up for the Club. I shall look rather foolish if the man is exposed."

"True," said Jones thoughtfully. "I think the best thing will be to let them know that we have found them out, and give them a hint to quit the place and travel in foreign parts."

After some further deliberation we decided to pursue this course, and concocted our plan of action.

The next night Jones and I met in the card room, and invited the Chevalier and Mr. Blopper to join in a rubber. Probably to avert suspicion, the two confederates seldom played together in the first rubber, although they were sure to get together ultimately; so it happened that the Chevalier and I found ourselves opposed to Jones and Mr. Blopper. There was no other occupant of the room at this time.

I dealt. Jones led the four of clubs, and tapped twice on his cards to show that he led from the king.

I took the trick with the ace. I led a spade, and gave the necessary signal to show that I had the ace.

Jones played a small one, but rapped out to his partner that he had the queen. Our taps were quite unnecessarily loud. I looked up and saw Blopper's face twitch; the Chevalier's expression was quite unconscious. Perhaps it was slightly too childlike and bland; but that is hypercritical.

The Chevalier took the trick with the king. He hesitated what to play, and, looking absent-mindedly at me, behold, there was my first finger sticking up obstinately in the air. For a moment his face changed, but he recovered himself.

The Chevalier played a heart. Jones instantly began to tap like a woodpecker, and telegraphed the knave. I saw that the attention both of the Chevalier and of his ally was arrested; there was an indefinable air of expectancy about each of them. Jones and I looked steadily at them; and Jones put down the knave.

Two more ashen and guilty countenances were never seen on mortal men. They saw at once that their game was up.

The Chevalier was for brazening it out, but Blopper pulled him by the sleeve and whispered to him, and he was suitably quiet.

"Here is a sheet of stamped paper," pursued Jones, leisurely. "Write a check to the secretary for five hundred dollars—no to Captain Perkins here—towards extinguishing the Club debt. Send in your resignations to-morrow with some excuse—gentlemen of your ingenuity will find no difficulty in framing one—and leave this place within twenty-four hours."

Very sullenly indeed the Chevalier sat down and wrote the check, which Jones handed to me, having first carefully examined it to see that it was in due form.

"Be at the bank as soon as it opens," he whispered to me, as the two confederates skulked out of the room, the Chevalier leading, with Blopper at his heels. "Good-night, gentlemen. Write an article in the magazines about the fairness of what signalling. "We shan't see them again, Perkins," he added, and fell to chuckling.

Jones was wrong; I did see them again. I was at the bank at ten o'clock the next morning, and cashed the Chevalier's check. As I came out, buttoning up the notes in my breast pocket, I almost ran against Blopper. He looked up and muttered an oath as he saw who it was. Presumably he had the Chevalier's check in his pocket for the whole of the balance of his banking account.

We have reason to believe that the Chevalier Legrand and Mr. Blopper are still travelling.

THE British and American Bands of Mercy united number 6580. There are over 600 000 members, all pledged to mercy and kindness to all human beings and to all dumb creatures.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An old gentleman came into an Augusta marble shop last autumn with the marks of affliction on his countenance, and after explaining that one of his sons had died, sorrowfully inquired the price of a tombstone. And after looking over the various styles and endeavoring to beat down the dealer he remarked confidentially, with a glance at his consumptive looking wife, who sat on the buckboard outside, that he "didn't think Martha would winter, and he guessed he'd wait and buy two stones at once," to get a reduction. Marthy "wintered but she didn't "summer," and a few days ago the old man appeared again, and shipped a couple of tombstones home and went on his way.

A characteristic trait of the late Emperor William was his genuine good nature. He never scolded his servants in a rude manner. His hardest words were, "That ought not to have been done." When he said "This must not be done," then the servants knew that their master was really angry. One day, a cup which he had received some twenty years before as a present from Queen Victoria, and which he used daily, was broken. The court marshal gave a sharp reprimand to the two servants who kept the vessels. They both assured the Emperor of their innocence; and the Emperor remarked, "Well, well, I may have done it myself."

"An extraordinary outburst of popular savagery," says a Vienna despatch, "has just occurred at Borsad, a village near here. A girl, who is a native of the village, was married to a peasant from another village, but after the wedding a number of young men of Borsad tried to prevent her from returning to her new home. The bride managed to escape, and on seeing this the young men set fire to the cottage of her parents, and the flames quickly spread to other cottages. A murderous fight then began between these young ruffians and the bride's friends, with the result that eight peasants were killed and about twenty of both sexes injured. The arrival of a detachment of mounted gendarmes put an end to the affray and the ringleaders were marched off to prison."

"We often hear" says a Boston newspaper, "of people being buried at the spot where they were born. This is a figure of speech, of course, and means merely that they are buried in the town where they were born, or at most in the old graveyard on the hill just beyond the old homestead where the first breath of life was drawn. In the case of the late Sidney Howard Gay, however, the phrase meant something more than even this. Mr. Gay was actually buried in the spot of earth above which he was born. Some years ago the residence of the Gay homestead in Hingham was burned down, and as the old Hingham cemetery was at that time in need of more room, the Gay estate was purchased and added to the burial ground and so it happened that the lot in which Sidney Howard Gay was buried occupied the site of the old homestead."

"Paris is about to follow the example set by London in the matter of titled shopkeepers. One of the most popular and pretty of Parisian Countesses is opening a millinery establishment where she will dispense hats, bonnets and costumes to her friends for a consideration. A Marquise has for some time been making a neat little income by hiring out her magnificent silver plate, cut glass and silver candelabras for wedding and other festivities. Another Parisian of high position is proprietress of a successful little shop which deals in curios and artistic trifles. Taste is this lady's principle stock in trade. On the morning when she herself "dresses" the shop window the sale is doubly large; but as she studiously preserves her incognito her services are not available every day. In London, lady shopkeepers are intent rather on success than on privacy.

As related in a New York newspaper, a Newark young man had a queer experience the other day when he went to a livery stable for a horse and buggy, intending to take a young lady out driving. Soon afterward he saw a horse and buggy in front of his office and upon inquiring was unable to find out that it belonged to any one else, and concluded that it was the one the livery man was to send around. He scolded internally at the carelessness of the man who brought it in not letting him know it was there, and then jumped in and started off. He had a lovely ride. The horse was a daisy. He and the young lady passed everything on the road to Orange and back, and he registered a vow not to take any horse but that when he hired a livery thereafter. After the drive he was on his way back to the livery stable with the horse; he was hailed by a wildly excited man on the sidewalk, and before he really knew what was up he was on his way to the police station in custody on a charge of horse stealing. The horse was a famous trotter with a record of 2 22.

"Baldwin," said Rambo "I'd like to know why my mustache was turned nearly white when there isn't a gray hair on your head!" "Do you use bay rum on your hair, Rambo?" "Sometimes. What has that got to do with it?" "You dip your mustache in the wrong kind of rum, Rambo."

Our Young Folks.

THE GOLD FISH.

BY LADY LINDSAY.

IT was the evening of an April day, a fresh, balmy, spring-like day—the child's birthday.

He had been out gathering wild flowers during the whole afternoon, and had returned, his strong little hands laden with many-colored anemones, cyclamen, and sweet lilies. His hair was as yellow as the iris, and lifted and waved in the light wind; his eyes were as blue as the gentian, but they were sleepy now, their lids heavy and half-closed, for it was getting late—fully time for bed.

Quickly he pattered up stairs to the small bare room with the white bed in the corner, and quickly also the deft hands of his nurse slipped off his clothing and arrayed him in a long white gown, lifting him up—his fat arms pressed round her neck—and laying him down on the cool sheets and soft downy pillow.

It was a hasty prayer that had been said, I fear me; uttered with good intentions, surely, but with a sleepy mind.

An inattentive mind also, perhaps, for on the table close by lay some pretty birthday gifts: a large red and green top, a box of marbles, and a little fish made of gilt cardboard, very bright and shining, very golden and pretty.

The fish, as it glittered, seemed almost to leap and quiver in the flickering rays of the candle which the nurse was about to remove from the table.

"Good night," she said softly.

"My fish!" murmured the child, lazily stretching out towards the toy, and the nurse, with a smile, took it up and placed it within his fingers, which closed tightly over it. Then she carried the light out of the room, which now was quite dark except for the lingering twilight that made the trees outside the window seem colorless and mysterious.

The child had been watching the trees for some time; the leaves and delicate branches bent and swayed in shadowy movements across the window panes.

Gradually, all sense of heaviness left him; he felt as rested and wide-awake as in the morning.

Then suddenly the fish spoke:

"Do not hold me so tight," it said; "I pray you do not press me so cruelly—you hurt me; let me go!"

"Oh, no, no!" answered the boy.

"I beseech you to let me go!" implored the fish.

It gave a little jump, as though it would gladly bound out of the child's hand.

"Why do you want to go?" asked the boy, without relaxing his hold.

"Because," answered the fish, "because I long to return to the wonderful country from whence I came—a country more beautiful than anything you can dream of; a country beneath the crystal water, where are the shining palaces and cities and all the marvels of the deep. Compared to those blissful regions, the earth on which you dwell is but a poor place indeed."

"No, no, I cannot let you go," said the child; "tell me something more about the wonderful country!"

"I am sad because I am not there," said the fish. "I am weary and thirsty. I crave to be in the cool blue waters again. More than all, I pine to see my lady-love, the sweet and beautiful Queen of the Forget-me-nots. I pray you have pity on me! Nay, if you will but let me go, I will take you with me and show you the shining depths of the river. Only, you cannot stay there long; you must be here again in your own bed by to-morrow morning, and no one must ever know whether you have journeyed. Say, will you come?"

The child sat up and pondered. Certainly, the proposal made by the gold-fish was a very tempting one.

The little fish, meanwhile, lay quite still in the boy's open palm, where, although the room was dark, it glittered like a fleck of sunlight.

"Pray come, do come!" it murmured softly, and at last the boy nodded consent, and rose hurriedly from his bed.

All at once—he knew not how it was—he found himself on the bank of a broad river.

The water was radiant with the beams of the moon, and seemed to flow like liquid silver.

"Follow me!" said the fish as it darted out of his hand, and fell with a splash into the water.

And without any fear or hesitation the child followed, and sank below the surface also.

Yes, here all was beautiful, even more beautiful than the fish had foretold. In the strange bright light tall reeds and water-plants were bowing and waving, and innumerable fishes were floating and diving and darting.

Wherever they went they left long luminous tracks, and when, quitting the surface, they shot suddenly downwards, they brought with them a myriad of air-bubbles that glistened like diamonds.

"Follow me, follow me!" repeated the friendly gold fish, and the boy swam silently after.

In front of them rose a noble edifice, beauteous in form, built of dark rocks, grand and weird. This was the palace of the King of the Fishes.

Giant bulrushes stood like sentinels at the gate, and smooth green dock-leaves filled the hanging balconies. All around were massive thickets of yellow iris and marsh-mallow plainly visible above the ramparts, whilst tiny flower-cups hung in festoons from the upper windows.

The gold-fish stayed not here, however; it rushed onwards fast, followed by the child, and the two were carried swiftly by the current of the river till, quite unexpectedly, they found themselves in the presence of the lovely Queen of the Forget-me-nots.

She sat alone at the river's edge, partly bending, partly floating in the water, her head resting upon the delicate grasses and her slender feet bathed by the circling ripples.

She was clad in draperies of pale blue, and crowned with starry flowers. In her right hand she held a tiny sceptre dotted with pink buds. Behind her some wide-leaved plants made a sheltering canopy, and four dragon-flies kept constant watch lest anything should harm her.

The little gold-fish quivered all over with delight as it approached the queen and prostrated itself at her feet; but, after the first moments of irrepressible joy, it turned gracefully to its companion and introduced him to the royal lady.

Then the queen spoke to the child, and asked him many questions, speaking very kindly all the while.

She inquired where he dwelt, how he lived and how he spent his days, where he walked, where he played.

She did not seem to have much knowledge of town, but spoke rapturously of country delights, such as green meadows with cool long grass, where perfumed blossoming peach-trees, tall spiked maize, and vine-wreaths bordered the rushing river.

She told how, in the latter part of the year, childish feet might stray on pleasant mossy paths, above which ruddy mellow fruit grew within tempting reach—the very prettiest balls in the world to play with.

The gold-fish grew somewhat impatient during this interview, for it seemed to it as though the lovely queen were speaking more of the earth and earthly joys than of the watery depths in which it so rejoiced; and yet she was a creature that belonged as much to the water, thought the fish, as to the parching air or heavy ground.

It sighed and flapped away impatiently, darting after a passing fly, and skimming along the surface of the water as though to show its prowess and its astonishing agility.

The queen, seeing this, in the kindness of her heart felt for the poor fish. Besides, time was passing; further delay was impossible. She turned to the child and told him that he must begin to wend his way homewards.

The boy was unwilling to go. He could not believe that more than a few moments were already spent. Here on the cool bank it was delightful to lie, his head among the soft grasses, at the knees of the queen whose gentle blue eyes rested kindly on his face.

She smiled, yet shook her head in reproach because of his unwillingness to leave her. Finally in a soft musical voice that chimed with the murmur of the water she sang to him. It was a song such as he had never heard; it haunted him for many a long day afterwards.

It was a melody that seemed woven of the grey twilight, the shimmering eddies, and the queen's sweet eyes; like her eyes it was sad though sweet, sweet and yet sad.

And, whilst she still sang, he rose mechanically to his feet and turned to go, obeying her as though impelled by some invisible but mighty power that bade him depart.

The boy walked along the green sward by the side of the river. His step made no sound as they fell on the soft turf; he passed on noiselessly and swiftly. He never looked round; he yet seemed to see, crowding all about him, the wonders he had so lately beheld; the shining depths, the palace of green rocks, the broad-leaved plants that swung and rustled, whilst in his willing ears still rang the sweet refrain of the song of the beautiful Queen of the Forget-me-nots.

On a sudden, he found himself in the outskirts of the town. The river had disappeared; houses loomed on either side. He walked on, for he knew his way, although a kind of strangeness, nay, almost a nameless fear, pervaded the place.

All was silent and still; at long intervals dim yellow lamps twinkled faintly, and overhead the far brighter stars shone out.

The moon was hidden, yet a floating gleam of moonlight overspread the scene. There was not a soul in the slumbering streets.

The boy passed on. Presently, he came to the market-place; here all was silent and deserted also. The booths, usually surrounded with peasants in gay attire, were empty and covered over, their goods packed away out of sight.

The large white umbrellas, which so often sheltered kindly noisy market-women from the rays of the hot sun, were folded in big loose folds, undisturbed by any breeze.

The town looked pallid and ghostly in the moonlight; the quaint old outer walls stood tall and spectral on the green slopes; the inner streets seemed shadowy by contrast in their narrow steepness.

Nevertheless the boy was not afraid. He walked resolutely on. He passed the great frowning gateway of the town-hall, whereon were many monsters' heads rudely carved in stone; he gazed at them boldly, and they stared down at him in their weird silence, content to let him go by.

Presently, he reached the street in which he lived. The familiar shops were closed, and their shutters fastened.

The lamps were guttering, yet it was scarcely dawn. He could see before him the great cathedral; it towered above the neighboring buildings, majestic and grand in its pre eminence.

The iron doors were shut—even the beggars who, at ordinary times, sat or slept on the marble steps, were absent; everything was curiously empty and locked away.

Only when he came to the well-known door of the house where he himself dwelt, did the child find to his surprise that it stood slightly open.

At the first touch of his little fingers the door swung heavily yet noiselessly back, and gave him admittance.

Then he shivered; he ran hastily up stairs—the wooden steps did not creak as they were wont to do—he ran on, nor stopped till he reached his own little bed.

There he sat down, and pondered for a while.

As he sat thus the room grew gradually lighter. An indescribable sense of early dawn floated in from the window.

The child lay down in chilly weariness, and tried to sleep but he could not.

He tossed and then turned from side to side. All at once he became conscious that some one had softly entered the room, a gentle presence that he felt although the outline of the figure was indistinct in the misty light. But as she drew nearer he recognized her—the Queen of the Forget-me-nots.

There, in her fair pale draperies, her head crowned with the starry water-flowers, she sat at the foot of his bed, leaning forwards and almost touching him with her kind hands.

"Do you know me?" she asked in a musical voice that was almost a song in itself. "I am the spirit of remembrance. I bring back to every one the remembrance of those they have known and loved, even long, long ago."

Then, as the boy sat fearlessly up and gazed at the new comer, his heart swelling with an odd sense of peace and joy, her face seem to brighten yet more, till it shone and her loving eyes sank into his eyes.

He gazed more and more intently, and, as he did so, a throb of memory filled his whole being. For the queen—the gentle queen—was surely the very image of his own mother, she who had loved and fondled him when he was but a tiny child, but who, some sad months ago had gone from him, never, (as he had heard folks say), oh, never to return!

And, even as he thought this, the queen stooped over him, and took him in her arms, and held him tenderly and tightly, and bending down close to him a face that his child love had deemed better than aught else in this world, whose form and features he had cherished in his baby heart, though he had never realised until this present moment how clearly he could recall them.

And in her gentle tones the queen spoke, half singing, and half murmuring, and told him of his mother till, as he looked up, he cried with tears:

"Oh, mother, mother!"

For he recognized her now; she was surely none other than his own mother, who had come back to him.

Eagerly he stretched out his little hands towards her, and sobbed and cried, and grasped convulsively lest she should leave him again, yet he could find no words in his sudden and overpowering excitement, but only the cry—

"Oh, mother, mother!"

But she soothed him and bade him sleep, and rocked him and comforted him, and gradually his eyes grew heavy, and he leaned against her shoulder that was soft and warm as of old, and, whilst the tears yet glistened on his rosy cheeks, a peaceful drowsiness overcame him. So, presently, he fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

* * * * * *

The sun was shining brightly when the child awoke, and the green leaves waved and danced against a cloudless blue sky.

The boy looked around him with wide astonished eyes. There was no one in the room; nothing to remind him of the strange occurrences of the night.

Only, on the floor beside his bed, gleaming and quivering in a dazzling ray of sunlight, lay a little fish of nothing but gilt cardboard.

THE FAIRY KEYS.

BY SHEILA.

THE South Wind was carrying a little fay back to his home in Fairyland. One of his shining wings was broken so that he could not fly, and very thankfully he had accepted South Wind's offer of a ride on his broad back.

"I shall have to pass the borders of your kingdom in my journey, and you are only a feather-weight," said the Wind good-naturedly, as he plied his huge pinions; "but what were you doing so far from home, little master?"

"My business was very important," said the fay, proudly. "Every year an embassador is sent from the court of Fairyland to the countries where we once dwelt so happily.

"We were obliged to leave them because the human creatures ceased to love us, and, you know, it is death to the fairies to be where they are not loved. Gladly, however, would we return to them again if we were sure of a welcome; and the business of the fairy embassador is to learn whether the time is not ripe for us to re-visit our ancient haunts and homes."

"Well, and what success have you had, my lord the embassador?" asked the Wind in his big cheery voice.

The fay sighed and shook his head as he answered—

"The time will come, no doubt, but it is not here yet. I have traveled about from country to country listening to what folks say, and I find that men and woman make fun of us, while even the little children hardly believe in us. Poor things they learn so many lessons that they have no time for fairy tales. But how quickly you fly, dear Wind!"

"I should never get my work done if I dawdled," cried his companion; "hold fast to my shoulder, little friend, or you may fall off and break that other little pretty wing of yours. But what have you dropped? I can see a number of shining things falling down to the ground."

The fay peeped over the edge of the South Wind's cloak, and then uttered a cry of distress.

"Oh, my keys, my bunch of golden keys! Stop, stop, and let me get down and pick them up."

"I am very sorry, my little fellow," said the South Wind, "but I cannot possibly wait while you search for your keys. We who travel half around the globe every day dare not stop for anything; we should get into dreadful trouble if we did."

"But I must go and look for them," said the fay, gazing down anxiously at the tiny sparks of golden fire which were becoming fainter and fainter. "How can I return to Fairyland without my keys!"

"Don't try and slip off my cloak," exclaimed the Wind kindly; "remember your wing is broken, and just now we are up at a tremendous height above even the loftiest mountains. After all, a few keys is not much to lose, even if they be made of gold."

The fay wept bitterly and refused to be comforted.

"You don't understand," said he. "They were magic keys, and we can never go back to our old homes without them."

When the sun went down the South Wind paused for an instant at the outskirts of the fairy realm; and then with a cheery "Good-bye, little friend; don't be downhearted," he sped on his way like an arrow.

The poor little broken-winged embassador crept sorrowfully through the ivory gates, across the velvet turf, and then up the broad marble steps of the palace into the Queen's presence chamber.

There he told his tale, and consternation fell upon the hearts of his listeners.

"Alas, alas!" said the Queen, wringing her white hands, "since the golden keys are gone our power over mortals is gone too, and we can never return to the earth again!"

"Never again!" echoed the fairies around her throne; "for the magic keys are lost to us for ever!"

* * * * * *

The glittering cord that held the keys together broke as they slipped from the fay's little hand; and when at length they came to earth, it was in places widely separated from each other.

One of them, a key of curious workmanship, was picked up by a pale student with dreamy eyes and long slender fingers; and by virtue of it he became a famous musician, whose music was known and loved throughout many countries.

A young artist found another of the magic keys, and it was not long before the people came from far and wide to see his pictures; for no one could paint like him, or catch so faithfully the tints of a summer sunset or a woods in autumn.

It was the same with all the keys except the tiniest.

Whoever had the great good fortune to find one of them became famous in one way or other, because he then had the power of unlocking one of Dame Nature's secret storehouses.

But the smallest key belonging to the fairy bunch was not picked up by anybody, but fell unnoticed into a baby's cradle; although the baby, a dear little dimpled girl, smiled in her sleep as at some happy dream. The child grew up so sweet and gentle that it seemed no marvel that everybody who saw her loved her.

Still, there were people who laughed and declared that the fairies must have given her a charm, and that was the reason she was a favorite.

They meant it as a jest, but there was some truth in it all the same.

For one of the keys dropped by the fay possessed the wonderful power of unlocking every heart, no matter how fast closed; and this one, so small and yet so precious, had found a hiding-place in the baby's cradle.

THE TEST OF LOVE.—About 40 years ago there was a young lady in Lincoln county, Ga., who had two sweethearts, and, not being able to decide between the two, she set out two wild locust bushes in the yard, naming one for each of her lovers, believing in the old adage "if he loves me that bush will grow," and, "according to her faith, so it happened unto her."

One of the bushes very soon withered, but the other flourished, and, in course of time, she married the gentleman for whom the growing bush was named.

They raised a large family, who are well known throughout several counties, and the locust bush also grew and multiplied. Time has laid bare the spot upon which the old dwelling stood, and nothing remains to mark the site of this once happy home but the locust bushes, of which there is a complete hedge, about 100 yards in length. This may seem to some a fairy tale, but it is absolutely true.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

One day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches,
Knowing only too well how long they can seem;
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks—
It is the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time! But a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That, according to each, shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,
The one only countersign sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

BOOK-LOVERS OF OLD.

Are there many human beings who cannot revel in a library rich in ancient literature and relics of the past? Who can look unmoved upon a newly discovered coin that was current when immortal Socrates was propounding his doctrines to the people of Greece?

The passion for book-hunting flourished as far back as the dark ages of cobwebbed parchments and musty records—when the minstrel seeking a night's shelter within the quiet cloisters, sung to the cowled monks, when their day's work was done, of their dead heroes and their glorious lives, and roused their quiet hearts to enthusiasm with his lays of ancient conquerors and their noble deeds.

No true book lover but looks back with intense gratitude and interest to the cloistered bibliophiles, who were so enthusiastic in their book collecting—the time and infinite labor they bestowed on a single manuscript; the exquisite illuminations with which they decorated their work; the mathematical precision of their even lines, and well-formed perpendicular letters.

Let us push open the heavy oaken door, studded with huge nails, and glance in upon the grave-browed old monk who sits in his cell, or *scriptorium*, transcribing busily. The apartment is utterly bare, having only a hard, straight-backed chair and wooden table. The floor is uncarpeted, the walls are cold stone, not a picture to grace the chilly bareness of the arched apartment.

Notwithstanding this, the use of the cell was deemed a great honor, and was granted only to those who were distinguished for piety and learning. Here the old cowled scribe labors, and the summer air comes in through the open window upon his shaven crown.

He labors on till the stars come out and night veils the scene; then he goes to his midnight prayers in the silent cloisters. Time passes dreamily on, with the even tenor of monastic life, yet sweetened by the silent companionship of books.

Year after year the cloistered bibliophile labors; through the intense cold of winter, when he freezes in his cell, and his numbed fingers can scarcely guide the *stilus* to form the perpendicular strokes on the cold parchment stretched before him. But the uniformity of the caligraphy is maintained throughout.

The large capital letters remain to this day brilliant with illuminations of pure gold, crimson and purple. The designs are chaste; the delicate manipulation of the coloring, the double-columned folio pages, and the richly illuminated pictures of the saints, are exquisite.

One of these curiosities of early days is the floral directory, which assigns to each flower a particular saint and day on which to bloom. Thus, the sunflower is dedicated to St. Barnabas, and the immaculate lily to the Virgin; deadly monkshood belongs to St. Dunstan, and the sensitive plant to St. Vitus; whilst the gaudy rhododendron is appropriated by St. Augustine.

We can imagine the early Egyptian going by his rice-fields, bowing down before the stately lotus, which rose out of the water at the dawn, and sunk again at sunset. There was also a clock of flowers.

To possess a library was the first great aim of monastic life. Not only books upon ecclesiastical subjects—not only lives of saints and martyrs, and homilies, but such standard works as Plato, Virgil, Ovid, Juvenal, Horace, and Æsop adorned their shelves and showed how rapidly they covered vellum. Indeed, for classic learning the monks of old stand out pre-eminently.

Every book lover feels a twinge of agony when he is asked for the loan of a favorite volume. If he refuses, he feels selfish in not sharing his joys with another. If he acquiesces, he knows no rest until he again feels the treasure within his grasp.

The borrowers of old, like the borrowers of to day, sometimes forgot to return that which was lent. But the ancients had the sense to guard against want of memory and punctuality.

When a neighboring monastery borrowed a book, it had to deposit as security a sum above its value, and there was a bond in writing promising to return the work within a certain period. An obscure or doubtful borrower had to deposit a work of equal value before he could even glance inside the coveted tome.

This very care goes more to show the monastic love of learning and books than anything else. The armarian, or librarian, superintended the scribes, made the ink, cut the vellum, and hired those who were employed as transcribers.

Two kinds of apartments or *scriptoria* were used for writing. The *scriptorium* used for general literary work was a huge, bare hall, filled with rows of straight-backed seats, where the scribes sat. One monk, well acquainted with the subject in hand, read aloud, and all copied from him simultaneously. There were also cells where the most learned monks were permitted to study in solitude.

We have undoubtedly great readers to-day, but under what different circumstances of ease and luxury do we pursue our studies! It is difficult to realize the life of Petrarch, who, besides being Italy's most glorious lyric poet, was also a great bookworm and collector.

He never travelled without horses loaded with books, and accompanied by many scribes. His love of reading was so great that, he tells us, whether he walked or rode, had his hair cut or took his meals, his beloved book was always open before him.

A difference of opinion regarding ecclesiastical policy has done much to denude the monastic age of its well deserved praise and gratitude. It is to them we owe our choicest and most beautiful manuscripts. To their love of books we owe the most magnificent collections of valuable literature.

Grains of Gold.

Virtue by calculation is the virtue of vice.

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.

It is well to think well. It is divine to act well.

Many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing.

All virtue lies in individual action, in inward energy, in self-determination.

It is the merit of those who praise that makes the value of the commendation

Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed.

Self-love leads men of narrow minds to measure all mankind by their own capacity.

Virtue is everwhere the same, because it comes from God, while everything else is of man.

An effort made with ourself for the good of others, with the intention of pleasing God alone.

All other love is extinguished by self love: beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it.

Virtue and vice are both prophets; the first, of certain good; the second, of pain or else penitence.

Think not a trifle though it small appear; small sands the mountains, moments make the year, and trifles life.

Ah! when shall all men's good be each man's rule, and universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land?

Nothing is so capable of diminishing self-love as the observation that we disapprove at one time what we approve at another.

I would be virtuous for my own sake, though nobody were to know it; as I would be clean for my own sake, though nobody were to see me.

Femininities.

If clothes are scorched, lay them in the sun. All trace speedily disappears.

If grease has fallen on silk, rub it on the wrong side with powdered magnesia.

Amy: "I like Charley; his kisses are so nice!" Belle, with enthusiasm: "Aren't they!"

A curled ram's horn of silver ending in a grifin's head is an odd pendant for a lorgnette chain.

Photography borders on a craze with young women in the upper circles of London society.

Mrs. Kramer, living near Moxley, Ga., gave birth to a two-headed baby a few weeks ago. It is healthy and well developed.

An expensive riding whip has a handle composed of a silver claw, between the talons of which a large topaz is firmly held.

Art, as far as it has ability, follows nature, as a pupil imitates his master: thus your art must be, as it were, God's grandchild.

The mad ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico now objects to wearing clothes, and has to be forcibly prevented from denuding herself.

An old brooch represents a Catherine wheel in full action. The stream of fire is of rubies and the sparks are diamonds set at regular distances on a knife edge.

Mother: "Are you sure, my dear, that the ladies' cabin is on this side of the boat?" Daughter: "Why, of course, mamma. Don't you see that it's crowded with men?"

Surprised dame: "What! And you have refused Mr. De Goode? I thought you liked him?" Lovely daughter: "I did, but none of the other girls seemed to care a snap for him."

Hattie Leslie, wrestler, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Alice Leary, club-swinger and athlete, of Bradford, Pa., are about to sign articles of agreement for a prize-fight for from $500 to $1000.

To set delicate colors in embroidered handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes, previous to washing, in a pail of tepid water in which a dessert spoonful of turpentine has been well stirred.

A Parisian Duchess has adopted a real panther as a pet. She keeps it in a long cage, and gives it sun and air on the veranda, where she feeds it herself, stroking it through the bars of the cage as she does so.

He, admiring a vase of flowers: "Aren't they beautiful? Do you know, Miss Rouet, they remind me of you." She, softly: "But, Mr. Cute, they're artificial." He: "Ah, yes; but you'd never know it."

Old linings should be washed, ironed and kept in a receptacle devoted to such things. It is seldom these can be utilized in a good dress, but come in use for children's garments or for everyday cotton gowns.

Kansas has a young lady whose name should slide down the banisters of time as the only one of the kind in existence. She recently returned a pair of shoes to the dealer with the complaint that they were two sizes too small.

Bonnets are now worn by the squaws of the Cheyenne tribe in Nebraska. This adoption of the white woman's style of headgear is due to the thieving of several of the Indians. They robbed a millinery store at Chadron, Neb.

Mistress: "Did you tell those ladies I was out, Bridget?" "Yis, mum." Mistress: "Did they say anything?" Bridget: "Yis; wan said to the other, 'I didn't s'pose we wud foind her in; she's on the streets most av the toime.'"

There is probably nothing known that will positively eradicate freckles. Among the many cures recommended the following has the merit of being harmless: Dissolve three grains of borax in five drachms each of rose-water and orange-flower-water.

Osmi Martin is the name of a 16 year-old girl forger, who has been astonishing commercial and detective circles in Detroit. Her forgeries were of small checks, which she had cashed at various places. She was a type-writer for an advertising agency.

"Maria, do you know why I am like a ship?" "I'm sure I can't guess, Charley." "Well, I met your papa in the hall last night and he asked me if it wasn't going to rain, and I said I shouldn't hurry if it was, and then he took me to the front door and toed me out to see."

"Charles Miller," who was taken to Fort Madison, Iowa, the other day, to serve out a sentence for horse stealing, amazed the police authorities there by explaining that "he" is a woman. She is 35 years old, and says she has worn male attire exclusively for a quarter of a century.

A Montreal lady ordered a cloak from a tailor, and refused to pay for it on the ground of misfit. The tailor has brought suit to recover the price of the cloak, and claims that it did fit until the lady put on an immense bustle. The Court will have to decide the regulation size of a bustle.

For the convenience of housekeepers a sad or flatiron has been invented which makes use of the principle of expansion of metals by heat to ring a small bell when the iron is hot enough to iron clothes with. A pot that will sound a gong when about to boil over may be expected next.

Proverbs about women: "Women can keep a secret, but it takes a great many of them to do so," (American). "Women are wise off-hand, look on reflection," (Italian). "Take a woman's first advice, but not her second," (French). "A woman's counsel is no great thing, but he who does not take it is a fool," (Spanish).

The Lapps are a very religious people. They go immense distances to hear their pastors. Every missionary is sure of a large audience, and an attentive one. All the babies are left outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church and the reindeer is secured, the father excavates a little bed in the snow, and the mother wraps baby snugly in skins and deposits it therein. Then the father piles the snow around it, and the parents go decorously into church.

Masculinities.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

A man who loves only himself and his pleasures, is vain, presumptious and wicked, even from principle.

Of all his decorations the late Emperor Frederick most prized the medal which was given to him for saving a man from drowning many years ago.

A young woman in Lincoln, Neb., has married a man because he had "dreamy eyes." A man with dreamy eyes usually has a dreamy pocketbook.

It is estimated that to collect a pound of honey from clover 62,000 heads of clover must be deprived of nectar, and 3,750,000 visits from bees must be made.

A Chicago girl has captured and delivered a burglar to the police. Her young man admires the deed, but it has set him upon a new train of thought.

A boy may groan, and from sickness moan, from the church or the school to stay; but there's no pain so deep from circus can keep, because he ain't built that way.

It is said that when a Frenchman is intoxicated he wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Englishman to eat, an Italian to boast, an Irishman to fight, and an American to make a speech.

Woman (to tramp)—Why don't ye buy your food 'stead o' beggin' it? Tramp—Madam, I'm too poor to buy even toothpicks. Woman—That so? What d'ye do for toothpicks? Tramp—I have to use barbed wire fences.

A Chester, Pa., dog ran across his mistress' false teeth, and he evidently mistook them for a dainties dish, as he at once set about devouring them. When the owner reached the scene the canine had finished his meal.

It is not true that Demosthenes permanently cured himself of stammering by stopping on a piece of soap one night as he was going doing the cellar stairs to fix the furnace in the dark. It afforded him only temporary relief.

A Middletown brute, in the form of a man, who was recently fined for abusing his horse, attempted to "get satisfaction" out of the animal when alone with it in the stable. By a well-directed kick the man's jaw was broken.

A Canada journal tells of a retired clergyman from its locality who removed to Dakota, and who writes to a friend that he is doing well in his new home. "He had saved up quite a bit of money, and now has the whole of it lent out at 33 to 34 per cent."

Robbers rifled a grave at Carlisle, this State, carrying off the silver plate on the coffin, on which was inscribed the deceased's name and age. The supposition is that they were actuated to the deed by a report that money had been buried with the corpse.

"I have never been in a hurry; I have always taken plenty of exercise; I have always tried to be cheerful, and I have taken all the sleep that I needed." These were the rules of health followed by the late Rev. James Freeman Clarke, and he outlived and outworked most of those who began life with him.

What a discourse on filial duty is thus condensed: "The time will come when this hair of your mother's will be gray, and this forehead all crossed and recrossed with wrinkles. Take care, while you are young, that you can think in those days: 'I never whitened a hair of her head. I never marked a sorrowful line in her face!'"

Excessive cigarette smoking is compared to the opium habit, by a paper, but it thinks cigarette smoking the worse. It says there are eleven "cigarette fiends" confined in the local jail, and that they crave for the cigarette, becoming almost frantic when unable to procure it. "A cigar or pipe does them no good whatever. They will trade off anything in their possession, even a good shirt for a poorer one, to obtain cigarettes."

The Corean minister at Washington wears a most remarkable costume when he goes for a walk in these days. His dress is white, and on his head towers the steeple-shaped Corean hat. Over his white costume he wears a long coat of blue mosquito netting, with tails that reach the ground. In his hand he carries a cheap gingham umbrella. Thus attired he stalks solemnly along, accompanied by his secretaries. Why he wears the mosquito netting coat is not known for certain.

In England a man may call himself almost anything he pleases and nobody will object. For something like five dollars he may advertise the taking of a new name, and thereafter he will be John Jones or William Smith, just as he prefers. There is little or no litigation over titles or names, which are really nowhere of less importance. A man may call himself Lord So-and-So, and, though he may be laughed at about the clubs, nobody will take the trouble to dispossess him of the empty title.

A New Jersey young man who drives a milk cart bought his wedding clothes the other day, and to keep them from the dust placed them in an empty milk can. When he started on his rounds the next morning he forgot all about the wedding garments and filled the can with milk. When the lacteal fluid was dumped at the creamery and was found to contain considerable solids in the way of broad cloth the rage of the young man knew no bounds. He sold the milk for cheese, however, and has invested the returns in another suit of clothes, which he will wear on the auspicious occasion if he doesn't forget the date.

A dignified Camdenite on Fourth of July eve lectured his children on explosives thus: "Now, children, I will show you exactly how you must handle these crackers, and then you will not be hurt." Then he took a piece of lighted punk in one hand and a fire-cracker in the other. The children watched him curiously. He lighted the cracker from the punk. It began to "sis," and becoming a little flustered he hastily threw the punk away instead of the cracker. The cracker exploded in his hand, burning one of his fingers until he fairly howled. He had nothing more to say to the children how fireworks should be set off.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Silent Witness" is a sensational sort of story by Mrs. J. H. Walworth. As some people like works of this class we can say it is good of its kind. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

No. 19 of Cassell's "Sunshine Series of Choice Fiction" is one of the best yet issued. It is called "No. 19 State Street," by David G. Adee, and is the mysterious record of certain supposed events in the New York of fifty years since. The strange and exciting are well mixed in its pages, and altogether it will make lively reading for a few idle hours. Published at New York.

The new number of Ticknor's admirable Paper Series of Original Copyright Novels is "The Rise of Silas Lapham," one of the latest works of W. D. Howells. Many critics rank this as his greatest and most impressive work. It is a story for men, for business men as well as for women, and has been as much discussed in banks as in boudoirs. "The Rise of Silas Lapham" is a noble and vivid work, with rare flashes of modern humor, and frequent episodes of amazing pathos. Price, 50 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for August is a spirited etching by P. Le-Rat, after Meissonier's "The Vedette." The opening article is "Thoughts on our Art of To-day," by Sir John Everett Millais, the popular English painter, and brother-in-law of the popular American actor, Lester Wallack. Following Sir John's interesting paper, which is accompanied by two portraits of the painter, is a continuation of the series on "The Forest of Fontainebleau." A paper on "Current Art," has several illustrations, one of them a capital portrait of Sir Arthur Sullivan by Sir John Millais. J. G. Hodgson contributes a paper on "Old Arts and Modern Thoughts," while W. H. Boot describes life in "A Painter's House-Boat." "Five Centuries of French Domestic Art" is in a very different vein, and while it is a readable article is not so suggestive of a summer vacation as the preceding one. Mr. Fred G. Kitton contributes the second paper on the less familiar portraits of Charles Dickens, and there is a generous allowance of Art Notes. Cassell & Company, publishers, New York.

"The Childhood of the Chinese Boy" is the title of an interesting article which opens the August number of *The Quiver*. Chapters of the serial "In Her Own Right," follow. "Minding One's P's and Q's" is the subject of a short paper, and the first of a new series of "Scripture Lessons for School and Home" is given. All admirers of ecclesiastical architecture will find pleasure and instruction in the paper on "Our Church Doors and Doorways," illustrated. "A Home Mission" is a pretty story on the subject implied in the title. "In Perils Oft" describes the adventures of a party of missionaries. Among other papers are "A Visit to a Dead City;" "Outcasts of Havens;" an illustrated article on "Gloucester Cathedral;" and the opening chapter of a new serial, "The Beauforts of Beatrice Gardens," poetry, etc. A goodly supply of "Short Arrows" closes an attractive number. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

Cassell's Family Magazine for August begins with the last chapters of that absorbing story, "Monica: or Stronger than Death,' and there is another instalment of the matter-of-fact romance, "How We Girls Earned our Living." There is a paper on "Scientific Temperance," being an interview with one of its principal advocates. "The Triumphs of Trade" gives an interesting account of the rise and growth of foreign commerce. "Our Duplicate Story" is an ingenious tale supposed to be written by two persons. There is a fine illustrated chapter on "Ancient Musical Instruments." The subject of "Massage" is one discussed by the Family Doctor this month. "Glasgow and its Exhibition" forms the subject of an interesting illustrated article, and there is a lively account of "Boating at Cambridge." The fashion letters are filled with the latest news. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING.—"Yes, I remember that little bill I owe you—remember it perfectly well, and, in fact, thought of it just as soon as I got in town," said a man in reply to some one who had dunned him. "Let me see. Where will you be at four o'clock this afternoon—at four sharp?"

"At the hotel."

"All right; be at the hotel at four sharp."

"Collins" said an acquaintance, "you are a very plausible fellow. You know that you do not intend to pay that man."

"Well no; that's a fact."

"Then why did you want to know where he would be at four o'clock?"

"So that I could time myself accordingly. If I know where he is at four o'clock I will be somewhere else at that time. In this life, my dear boy, to have a perfect understanding is to avoid many embarrassing situations."

A COLORED man, with protruding eyes, rushed into the justice's office the other day and exclaimed—"I wants Colonel Jones, who libe nex' door to me, put under a million dollars bond to keep de peace." "Has he threatened your life?" "He has done that berry ding. He said he war gwine to fill de nex' darkey he found after dark in his benhouse plum full of buckshot."

THE rosy freshness, and a velvety softness of the skin is invariably obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

The Beast-Tamer.

BY V. G. M.

MOHAIB—or Death-eye, as he was more generally termed by the residents who knew him was the most remarkable man I met during my travels in India.

I first beheld him in one of the principal thoroughfares in Calcutta. I was walking arm in-arm with my old friend Captain Mavin, when the latter suddenly stopped and pointed across the street to a tall, diminutive, wizen-faced man, who was slowly shuffling his away along, without seeming to notice the attention he attracted from the other passengers.

"There is a character for you!" exclaimed my friend, somewhat excitedly; "and you are fortunate to get a sight of him."

"Well, who is he?"

"A pundit, a savant, a linguist, a sorcerer, a necromancer, a conjuror, and juggler, a wizard, a magnetizer, a beast-tamer, and some say the devil! Quick! let us cross over and follow him, for you will never regret having seen him at close quarters."

"A very wonderful being, certainly!" said I, as I crossed the street with my friend; "but pray be a little more explicit, and tell me what he has ever done to gain so many remarkable titles."

"He is a very learned man for one thing—speaks more languages than I ever heard of; can out-juggle the best Indian juggler we have, and cow the wildest and fiercest animal with a single glance of his wonderful eye."

"Do you speak from common report or personal knowledge, captain?"

"Both. You remember our old schoolfellow, Major Pitcairn who died of the fever last summer?"

"Yes."

"Well, he prided himself on keeping two of the most vicious animals to be found in India—a bull-dog and stallion—and the Major was always ready to bet a hundred dollars to one that no one could buckle the collar around the neck of the dog, or put a bridle on the horse. Several persons who boasted themselves beast-tamers were induced by the large odds, and the hope of celebrity, to make the trial, but they were very soon only too glad to get off with whole bones, and allow the Major to pocket his earnings with his usual sarcastic laugh.

"But one day the major made a mistake. A green-looking Irishman, with a very rich brogue, sought an interview with our friend, and said he had ten guineas to wager against a thousand that he would bring a man who would put a collar on the dog and a bridle on the horse within ten minutes from seeing either, and that the animals should be left free meantime, and not be harmed in the least. Of course so happy a chance for sport and profit was not to be slighted by Jack Pitcairn; and all his friends, myself among the number, received an invitation to be present at his stable at a given hour on the following morning.

"Well, we were all there, punctual to time and so was the Irishman, and so was that little dried up specimen of humanity you see shuffling along yonder. None of us had ever seen or heard of him before; and when told that he was the one who had undertaken to win the bet for poor Pat, we all gave away to the most uproarious merriment, and continued it till the stranger turned to us, and with a look that seem to freeze my blood, said, in a very quiet tone, 'Gentlemen there is a maxim common in the English language, that he who laughs last laughs best.'

"I do know why it was, but the strangest feeling of awe came over me as his singular eyes met mine in the glance he threw around the circle; and on turning to the others, I was still more surprised that every face, even the major's itself, was as pale as a ghost's.

"'Sir Stranger,' said Pitcairn with a grave bow, 'you have undertaken to do what no living man can; and as a proof that I consider you entitled to the respect due to a gentleman, I will permit your foolish and boasting companion to withdraw his bet and thus save you from the ridicule which will attend your failure.'

"'I came not here to trifle, sir," returned the other; 'but if you fear my success, I will suffer you to withdraw your wager, and thus save yourself a heavy loss.'

"'If you wish to risk your life, you shall have the opportunity,' said the major with a curl of his lip, provoked by the cool assurance of the stranger; 'but please remember when too late that I gave you a fair warning."

"'Where is the horse?" demanded the beast-tamer.

"'In the stable before you, and here is the bridle you are to put on him.'

"The little man, without deigning a reply, took the bridle, advanced to the door and threw it open. We all drew back in alarm, expecting to see the furious beast, which was free, dash upon him and trample him to death but the animal, to our utter surprise, only turned and looked at him, while he stood perfectly still, looking at the animal.

"This lasted from three to five minutes, and then, to our unbounded astonishment, the fellow walked deliberately in, put the bridle on the horse, and led him forth as gentle as a lamb.

"'Gracious Heaven what magic is this!" exclaimed Pitcairn, as white as a sheet.

"'I will now put the collar on the dog,' said the stranger with a grim smile.

"He then took the bridle from the stallion led him into the stable by his mane, and closed the door.

"Under the greatest excitement we all followed him to the room in which the dog was kept, and which none but his master ever dare enter. As the little wicket in the main door was thrown open, the dog came forward with a ferocious yell, and thrust his ugly head through, fairly foaming with rage.

"'Go back and lie down,' said the beast-tamer.

"And the fierce dog, fixing his blood-shot eyes upon him, to our utter surprise, began to cower and slink away.

"Then this man-devil, with another grim smile, threw open the door, walked quietly in, buckled the collar around his neck, and led him forth as tame as a kitten.

"'In the name of Heaven, who are you, and what sorcery is this?" demanded the Major.

"'I am Mohaib, at your service," replied the little man. 'Gentlemen, have I won the wager?'

"'Yes,' cried the Major, excitedly, all aghast at what he had just witnessed; 'either you or your master, the devil, has. Give the Irishman the money Roberts, and let them go! I fancy I smell sulphur.'

"'I will only take a hundred dollars—fifty for my friend, and fifty for myself,' said the beast-tamer; 'and the nine hundred you shall keep to pay you for my expense.'

"'No, no; take it all!" said the Major, 'I do not wish to be burned before my time!'

"'You are but a sorry jester, young man. Pray keep your money, and buy wisdom with it! You sadly need it. You have a great deal to learn yet. Good-day, gentlemen!"

"And Kenj Mohaib bowed to the whole party, and, accompanied by the grinning Irishman, went shuffling away, leaving the nine hundred dollars behind him.

"Since then," concluded the Captain, "I have seen this wonderful man some three or four times, and heard stories related of him that would rival the tales of Munchausen. We have named him the Death-Eye, and I am tempted to believe that his eye has the power to kill."

"And this is really the man before me?" said I, looking with surprise at the little shuffling figure, coarsely habited and wearing a sort of motley turban, colored tunic, and dirty sandals.

His countenance was not remarkable except for having an old, withered, wrinkled, dirty, parchment like appearance, resembling an Arab's or a careless traveller's who had exposed himself to all kinds of weather. His features were small and decidedly of the Jewish cast, with aquiline nose, thin lips, and heavy brows. But his eyes! Ah! his eyes! I never saw such orbs before nor since in the head of any human being. They were not large, but intensely black and penetrating, with a fiery redness gleaming from them, as if two burning sparks were imprisoned behind the pupils, with a strange circle of yellow immediately around them; and when for a single moment they encountered mine, I felt a peculiar thrill pass through my frame as though I had received a shock from a battery. I do believe that if, then and there, he had exerted his will, he could have magnetized me on the spot—paralyzed my whole system. Was this fancy? Certainly the wonderful power he exerted over dumb animals was not fancy, and I afterwards saw it put to a fearful test. I was glad to let him pass on; but his look haunted me for days and weeks, and even yet I can recall his face more vividly than that of any other human being.

Some three months later I next beheld Mohaib in the city of Delhi, and had a remarkable chance of witnessing a trial of his wonderful powers.

I was quietly and half abstractedly sauntering along the street, when I was suddenly startled by a series of the wildest screams of terror I ever heard, and which apparently came from another street crossing at right angles the one I was in. I hurried to the nearest corner, and there perceived a crowd of men women and children, in the wildest alarm and confusion; all running towards the point where I stood.

My first idea was of murder riot and insurrection; but as the running and shrieking crowd drew near, I perceived with horror, the sleek striped form of a royal tiger in their midst, carrying a child in his mouth, and at once comprehended that the terrible beast had broken loose from some place of confinement, and had seized the little sufferer to vent his rage or appease his appetite. The tiger, growling savagely was now looking fiercely around, evidently with the view of making his escape from the mob; and just as I was about to secure my own safety by flight, I saw him turn and spring through an open window into an apartment, from which the terrified inmates fled in the wildest dismay.

At this critical juncture, a small party of soldiers, headed by a sergeant, came running up, and learning the cause of the alarm, at once proceeded to the retreat of the beast, and drew up before the window before the window for the purpose of shooting him.

Anxious to be a witness of the result I ran up behind them, as did some few of the natives, and caught a glimpse of the beautiful monster squatted down in the centre of the apartment, with his fore-paws resting upon the breast of the still living child.

The soldiers, though ready, were now afraid to fire, for the fear of killing the child; and, as if the tiger were conscious of the fact, he now raised his head, glared at them with his fiery eyes and showed his teeth with a savage growl.

"My child! my poor, sweet child!" cried a voice in the English tongue; and a poor woman white with terror and emotion and with her hair dishevelled, rush wildly up to the group, making the most frantic gestures of despair. "Oh; save my poor child, sir!" she continued throwing herself down at the feet of the sergeant, as if the power of life and death were in his hands; "and God will reward you!"

"I will if I can, good woman," replied the officer, with feeling; but I am afraid to fire upon the beast, for fear the child, which I can see, is still living, may be killed at the same time. "What can be done?" he added nervously. "If the tiger would only leave his prey and attack us! I dare not fire upon him where he is. Yet stay; I will fire a single piece myself at his head, and then, if I wound him, be ready, men, for the consequences, for he will surely attack us."

He raised rifle for a careful aim, and I was just on the point of leaving the dangerous vicinity, when a stern voice exclaimed, "Hold! hold! I will master the beast alone!"

I looked quickly round, and to my great surprise, beheld the wonderful Mohaib forcing his way forward, and nearly out of breath.

"Stand back, man, or you will be torn in pieces!" cried the sergeant, as the beast tamer pressed forward to the window, and placed his hand upon the sill to spring through.

The next moment Mohaib had thrown himself into the room; and with a wild roar, that made us tremble outside, the tiger leaped forward to put an end to the bold intruder.

A deep and awful silence followed. The change of position of the beast prevented our seeing, from where we stood, what was taking place within, and none dared venture nearer to ascertain.

"Look out men! look out, all!" cried the sergeant; "the tiger has killed that fool, and the taste of blood will bring him upon us in fury."

"Who is the fool?" said Mohaib, sternly, appearing at the window, and giving the astonished soldiers a look that made them quail. "I have killed the beast, which is more than a regiment of such fellows as you could have done."

And, turning his back, he advanced to the child, picked it up, returned, leaped out, placed it in the arms of its distracted mother, and then, without a word, came shuffling away at an angry, impatient gait.

I was so astonished that I did not speak till all was over; and then, with the others, I crowded forward and beheld the tiger dead, with his throat awfully gashed, and weltering in his own blood. Then I told what I knew, and the mysterious beast-tamer became the wonder of all who heard my story. The child, though much mangled, subsequently recovered, and, for all I know, is still living; but Mohaib I never saw again. Most wonderful and mysterious being!

THE FISH QUESTION.—Fishes produce so many eggs that if vast numbers of the latter, and of the fishes themselves, were not continually destroyed, these animals would finally fill up all the waters. For example, man annually takes 60 000 000 or 70 000 000 codfish from the sea around the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when we consider that each cod yields about 5 000 000 eggs each season, and that even 8 000 000 have been found in the roe of a single cod. Were the 60 000 000 cod taken on the coast of Newfoundland left to breed, the 30,000-000 females producing 5 000 000 eggs every year, it would give us a yearly addition of 1,500 000 000 000 000 young codfish.

Other fish, though not equalling the cod, are wonderfully productive. A herring weighing six or seven ounces is provided with about 30 000 eggs. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and the young, it has been calculated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154 000 000. Buffon calculated that if a pair of herrings could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the globe on which we live.

AN ELEPHANT AS A NURSE.—In Ceylon the elephant is not only used as a beast of burden, but as a domestic servant, and not infrequently acts the part of a nurse. The fond mother will consign her tiny babe to the care of this gigantic beast without a fear, while performing her household duties, and her most gentle caresses and careful attention are scarcely surpassed by those bestowed upon her child by this novel attendant.

If the infant cries, it is carefully lifted by the huge trunk and gently swayed to and fro until it drops into a quiet sleep. Then it is laid upon the ground, and the elephant fans it with its trunk, keeping away the flies and other insects which gather in swarms.

IT is told by a Maine paper that "when the banks of Bangor, Me., decided not to take Canadian coin except at a discount of 20 per cent., a granger in a neighboring town had quite a stock of the depreciated ware. His daughter's lover, however, was clerk in a grocery store, and the girl was deputed to buy the family's groceries. For this purpose she was supplied with the tabooed coin, and, her lover being too tender-hearted to enforce the discount, accepted it at face value. In this way the shrewd native soon relieved himself of the outlawed currency."

Most of us deliberately shut our eyes on what is best worth seeing.

To change and to better are sometimes two different things.

Humorous.

ALWAYS THE SAME.

Marriage makes no change in men,
A wife observed with clouded brow,
My John is just the same, I see,
As when he came a-courting me,
For home he never would go then
And home he won't come now.
—U. N. None.

Good at a pinch—The crab.

Hard to beat—A wet carpet.

Closing quotation—"Shut up."

Babes in the wood—Dutch dolls.

Light weight—A pound of candles.

A well-known composer—Laudanum.

The spring-time of life—Our dancing days.

A cook can change his pots, but a leopard cannot.

Quite a rushing business—The football player's.

There is a great deal left to chants in the church choirs.

When is a carpet not a carpet?—When it becomes a room.

A polished delivery—Cuffs and collars from the laundry.

Failure in the yarn trade—Writing unsuccessful novels.

When a lady is sewing she is in reality not what she seams.

One who takes awful pains—The man who catches rheumatic fever.

Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge?—Because it requires grinding.

With regard to chatting over the front gate, a good deal can be said on both sides.

"My first purchase is my last," said a cobbler, who was just starting in business.

It is claimed that bee stings are a cure for rheumatism. But what is good for bee-stings?

"Pride goeth before a fall," says the inspired writer, but it goes a good deal quicker after one.

If you want to be well-informed take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.

A day of reckoning comes for every rich man. On that day of the month he figures up the interest due him.

An Atlanta man eats dynamite. His neighbors treat him very respectfully. No one ever threatens to kick him.

Wife: "What! Kissing the cook?" Husband: "Can't help it, my dear. That omelet this morning was simply perfection."

There are some loud, foolish, trusting men who will read over a recipe for mince pie and then think they really know what it is made of.

There are lots of people who mix their religion with business, but forget to stir it up well. The business invariably rises to the top as a result.

Customer: "This is what I call tadpole soda." Clerk: "What do you mean by that, sir?" Customer: "Simply that it has more head than body."

"It is love that makes the world go round," we are informed by the poets. It is a somewhat notable fact that a very limited quantity of poor whisky will produce the same effect.

Terribly broken. "And are you really broke, my friend?" he said, as he tendered the tramp a penny. "Broke!" was the bitter response, "I'm as badly broken as the Ten Commandments."

"The doctor said he'd put me on my feet again in two weeks." "Well, didn't he do it?" "He did, indeed I'm on my feet all the time. I had to sell my horse and buggy to pay his bill."

Uncle Zekel, who had never seen gaiters before: "'Scuse me young man, but you're lookin' so sprucced up ter-day that I presume you'll thank me for tellin' you that yer stockins is kinder comin' down."

"'Onward and upward' will be the maxim of the new paper," said the editor, proudly. And it proved a happy maxim, too. For three short months the paper went onward, and then it went upward.

It is said to be a rule of nature that every winged insect shall die within a year. This is consoling to a certain extent, but it would be a better arrangement if this year's mosquitoes would die last year.

Tommy, who has been trying to comprehend the mysteries of early chapters in Genesis: "Well, pa, if God made ev'rythin' out of nuthin', an' there was nuthin' till he made somethin', what did He stand on when He made it?"

The manner in which a human being progresses in intelligence is very simply and cleverly illustrated. Take a child and give it a nickel: it immediately tries to swallow it just as it is. Give a man a nickel and he prudently converts it into a liquid before attempting to swallow it.

Papa, severely: "Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple?" Three-year-old: "Yes, papa." Papa: "Be careful, now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her, I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma?" "Truly, papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it."

Agent, with mouse trap: "Good-morning, madam. Allow me to show you one of our patent, non corrosive, copper-riveted mouse-traps, warranted to——" Lady: "I'm very sorry, sir, but we haven't a mouse about the premises." "Yes, but our firm offers to furnish a dozen mice with each trap as a special inducement. We guarantee satisfaction, madam."

In Central Soudan.—The women of the household in Soudan, Africa, have got over their first tremors, and come to the conclusion that we are a good-natured and a harmless-looking sort of fellows. At first they peep over the wall or out of neighboring doorways, till, growing bolder, they venture in groups out of their hiding-places to see, and doubtless to be seen. Not to alarm them, we take notes surreptitiously, and observe that they make up quite an ethnological collection of African types.

They are all dressed alike, with a lower turkedi or cloth round the waist, hanging to the ankles, a second sheet wound round the body under the armpits, and a third worn in the varied modes of a shawl on the head and shoulders.

The hair is gathered into a solid ridge of grease and hair, which extends from the brow to the nape of the neck, something after the manner of the crest of a helmet. From each temple hangs a kind of stiff love-lock.

The ankles are adorned with enormously heavy anklets of solid brass, the bar being little short of an inch and a half in thickness, the ends ornamented with neatly-made polygonal beads. Nothing better finished could be turned out of a European workshop.

Round the wrist are placed several more brass bracelets, not so expensively made, but collectively so heavy that to ease their arms the wearers are frequently to be seen with hands clasped behind the head or hanging down their backs. Their ornaments usually include a string of agate beads made in the country. The women, unlike the men, do not affect white colors, the more fashionable clothe being checks of dark blue, a medium tint of the same, white and magenta. Amongst those who can afford expensive articles the latter two colors are prevalent.

Strangers are not usually admitted into the family compound, but it must not be supposed that the women are strictly kept inside, and never let out. Quite the reverse. In the evenings they are almost invariably left at liberty to wander forth and join in any dance or merrymaking there may be afoot. During the day, also, if any of the women have anything to buy or sell at the market there is no restriction to their going thither. In the more wealthy families, however, there is always one if not two wives, who are kept in strict seclusion, and not unfrequently eunuchs are employed to guard the morals of the harem.

Our Gifts and Graces.—Most of us are inclined to find fault with the gifts that have fallen to our share, and would gladly exchange them for others. Madame de Staël bitterly resented the fact that she was not beautiful, and would willingly have bartered away her intellect in exchange for the fateful gift that moves the world; while in her own circle beautiful women envied the power she wielded through her charms of mind.

And thus it has always been; this one would have changed her eyes, that one her circumstances, another her wit, agreeing, no doubt, with Pascal, who said that "If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed," thinking that if things were otherwise, all the happiness they covet would fall into their lap—that all their roses would be blue roses. But in truth it is pretty certain that if blue eyes were our portion, they would be the very eyes least needful for our purposes.

Possibly no other circumstances than our own would complete the beautiful mosaic of our lives so exquisitely; in no other could we so adequately express ourselves—could we find ourselves so much at home. And although we may not always believe it, the gifts that the gods have bestowed may be more the outgrowths of our nature than any engineering, and so best fitted for us.

What a terrible uniformity in the world if everybody was equally endowed! What loss of light and shade! Provided the gods have given us the ready eye to see beauty, the ready wit to interpret it so that we may take pleasure in the springing grass blade, in the mountain sap, the opening flower, the lance of the aurora, the thunderbolt, and the glow-worm, why should we covet the gifts that others possess, and which, it may be by their very nature, exclude those which we enjoy?

Those upon whom the fates have bestowed money are too busy spending or hoarding it, those who wear the crown of beauty too absorbed in regarding their image in the eyes of others, those with genius too intent on listening to the echoes of their worshippers, to hear the inarticulate voice of Nature, to discern her perpetual harmony.

Division of Age.—A collection of the folk-lore stories current in the provinces of part of Italy, contains some quaint versions of some of the legends that are the common property of the whole world. The one about the creation of the animals in the Garden of Eden and the age of man bears repeating. After the animals were created, so the story runs, they thanked God, and asked Him what their fate was to be. When they learned that they were to labor and suffer for twenty years, they each prayed to live a shorter time, and ten years were deducted in the case of the ass, the dog, and the ape. When man was created, and learned that he was to live but twenty years, he begged hard for a hundred years, and finally the Creator gave him the thirty years that the animals just named had refused. So it comes about that man's first twenty years are his happy ones; then come the ass's ten years of labor; domestic cares and children till the next period, the dog's ten years; during the division that follows the children marry and abandon their father, and in this way the ape's ten years elapse. "After fifty," soliloquizes the story-teller, "what more is life to thee? He who has had, has had."

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, July 16, 1888.
Closed at 1 P. M. Saturday.

A GREAT MANY PATTERNS OF 37½c SATEEN HAVE GONE down to 25c. There was a good lot for 25 cents before. A dress pattern of 10 yards of finest French Sateens for $2 50. Think of it! And an unmatched assortment of styles.

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black, colors.

Other prices similarly shrunk.

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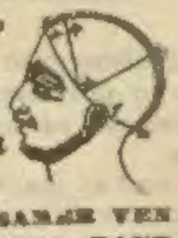

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Mrs. De Sausure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Sausure cites, by permission, the following

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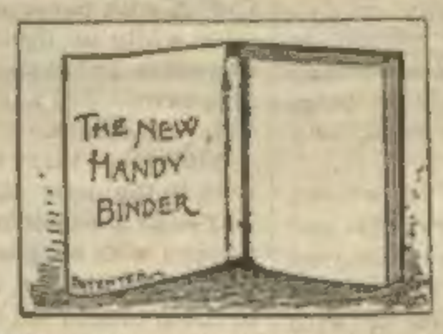

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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Latest Fashion Phases.

Modistes need find no difficulty this season in providing for their clientele chapeaux of a particularly fascinating description.

Small as the capotes are, they are yet large enough to serve as foundation for two or three at least of the many novelties for millinery purposes, for the exhibition of skill and taste in the arrangement of these, and in the sometimes rather hazardous mixtures of colors which are still fashionable but to a more limited extent than they were a month ago. The first fashions of a season are never to be taken quite *au sérieux*, for they often show eccentricities that disappear entirely or become toned down, after a vogue of a few weeks' duration.

Besides the immense number of fancy straws and materials of all kinds used for capotes, milliners are now employing gauze embroidered with gold, lace interwoven with threads of gold, braids and galons composed of straw, embroidery on a filigree ground, and open etamine embroidered with silk.

Flowers are used in great profusion in aigrettes and boquets, and also in fine wreaths, which mark the edge of the brim, and are carried around the crown, with light trailing sprays falling over the strings, which, when used at all, generally come from the back.

The new ribbons, too, are extremely pretty, and the simplest bonnet trimmed with the bow of one of these, at once becomes stylish and ladylike.

Faille ribbons, with four or five stripes in different shades of one color are fashionable.

Other novelties are silk ribbons with small black satin spots at regular intervals, or with narrow white or gold-colored stripes and ombre ribbons, either plain on one edge, and shaded on the other, or striped with white, or else pekin ribbons in plain colors, with alternate white and satin stripes.

The picot edge has vanished altogether; all the new ribbons have plain satin or corded edges. Some charming novelties in light colors are in alternate plain or open stripes.

A very pretty capote, trimmed with this striped ribbon, has the brim of straw and gold plait, lined with puffings of ivory gauze, and the crown covered with a drapery of the same material. An aigrette bow of striped ivory ribbon and a boquet of pink roses form the trimming, which is placed in front.

Another very novel capote, which can be carried out in any color, is covered entirely with feathers curled in close rings, and strings to match.

This is charming in cream, and also very pretty in grey, and stylish in red. A capote also worth mentioning, and in the same shape as the preceding, that is very flat at the sides and rather pointed in front, has the crown of cream embroidered net on a pink silk foundation. The brim is of gold and straw passementerie, and a bunch of roses in front is the only trimming.

The number and variety of wide-brimmed hats is as great as the many strange ways in which the brims are bent. They are turned up in front, at the back, or at the sides; some have wide wing-like side brims, others have the front excessively wide and straight, and many of the Tuscan straw capelines have the brim held down by the strings.

Masses of trimmings, generally consisting of ribbon and flowers, are heaped on these. The plain, low-crowned sailor hats are trimmed with ribbon only in large bows, very often placed at the back, and piled high on or above the crown.

The new colors, seen chiefly in woolen and silken materials, are in very soft and tender shades, especially the blue-grey tints, which are charming in voile and cashmere, trimmed with satin or with moire ribbon to match.

Other fashionable shades are green, in a pure and half tints; brown and beige, colors that are difficult to describe from their delicacy, and the manner in which each is modified by the admixture of a tinge of one of the other shades; lichen green or grey, straw color, and several other varieties of a new shade of red, rather brighter in tone than the vieux rose tints lately worn.

Mastic and ecru are also fashionable colors, and are met with alone, or combined on a plain or twilled ground, in one or two colors, producing a shot effect.

Some very novel materials have this shot twilled ground, with a wide border of silk stripes in two colors on one side only of the double width material.

The new red and silver grey is a favorite combination of colors, either for the wide borders described, or for three-inch wide stripes of ribbed grey silk on a red, or shot-red and white ground.

Similar grey silk stripes on ecru and other colors are also effective; but some of the prettiest new fabrics have narrow stripes in silk, precisely as if bands of ribbons, an inch or an inch and a half in width, were laid on the material.

The mixture of colors in these is as pretty as the arrangement of the stripes, which are at equal distances, or grouped together. Of two charming specimens, one has mastic and grey ribbon stripes on a shot-grey and white ground.

The same idea is also carried out with simulated figured and spotted ribbons, with a plain or fancy edge; and, in all cases, the dress is partly composed of plain material matching the ground.

Beige materials are striped with bands formed of groups of silk stripes in grey, mastic, and terra cotta in two shades; and plain dark woollen fabrics have wide fancy stripes of silk in a light and contrasting color, such as a delicate shade of pink on dark green, or in the same shade as the ground, especially when this is light in color.

Broche silk stripes on a shot ground are very effective, especially in the new red and white. A beautiful specimen has broche bands of white holly leaves on a red silk ground, the red woolen alternate stripes, and the plain fabric to correspond, being shot with white.

These silk and woolen fabrics are intended for better wear; and for morning costumes there are many varieties of striped materials in wool only, on beige, dark blue, chequered and twilled grounds. One or two brighter colors are introduced into the stripes, which, if wide, are composed of groups of narrow stripes.

Broche woolens, in very fine and soft texture, with light sprays of flowers or leaves in silk of a single contrasting color, or in Indian or Persian designs in a variety of colors on a cream ground, are charming novelties for summer dresses; while for mantles there are woolen materials with woven patterns in another color simulating braiding.

One of these, with the pattern in red and white lines on a dull-blue and white shot ground, is used for theatre or carriage wraps with excellant effect.

There is a quaint old-world look about some of the newest silks that is not without a certain fascination; soft taffetas silks, shot and glace silks are all coming to the fore again, and will make very pretty summer dresses.

Some of these are in narrow stripes, either shot or traversed by raised lines in the same color and narrow satin stripes in another color, such as bright brown satin, edging grey cord stripes on a grey silk ground.

Then, again, there are large chequers in black, white and gold, dull green and mauve pink, groups of narrow silk and satin stripes in various shades, alternated with plain silk stripes in a dark color, and small broche patterns on a shot ground. To give novelty to these last, the centre part only is broche, and on each selvedge is a band of satin stripes in another color.

Shot faille in the fashionable green and pink mixtures, is very fashionable, especially when ornamented on one selvedge with lines of gold and silver thread forming a band from three to four inches wide.

For summer dresses there are lovely printed foulards, bengalines, and crepe de Chine, with patterns of sprays of flowers on a white or light colored ground, and exquisite gauze and faille pekins; the faille stripes outlined and figured with satin in different colors.

Altogether there is nothing to find fault with in the new silks. The shot surahs and silks are charming, and those that are figured with stripes or flowers are in such pretty soft shades, that the toilettes made of them cannot fail to be pretty also.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT THE MAKING OF JELLIES.

Our grandmothers always made their jellies of calf's-foot; our mothers believed in nothing but isinglass; we use gelatine. There is something to be said for all plans.

Gelatine is cheap and good; isinglass dearer and better; calf's-foot is troublesome but said to be more nourishing for invalids; cowheel is more troublesome still, but, in my opinion, by far the cheapest for all bases for jelly. I shall therefore begin by a receipt for

Stock of Cowheel or Calf's-foot.—If a large quantity of stock is wanted, and cost is of more importance than time, obtain from the butcher's one or two cowheels, cleaned but with the skin left on. The tripe dressers sell them in town with the skin left off, more thoroughly cleaned and half boiled, so one does not make the same quantity of jelly. Cut the foot in pieces and wash them, then put them in cold water, and when the water boils throw it away. (All this parboiling is unnecessary with a skinned heel).

Put the heel on again in a clean fish kettle or a tin-lined saucepan, with water enough to well cover it; set it on the fire and let it come slowly to a boil; skim it carefully, and let it boil slowly for five or six hours, or even longer. Strain off the jelly into a clean basin, and let it stand till cold. Possibly it may be too stiff; if so, some water may be added to the flavoring. The reboiling, of course, makes it stiffer and lessens the quantity. The fat can be taken off with a spoon, and a cloth dipped in boiling water; if any is left on it will make the jelly thick.

The remains of the cowheel can be boiled again for more stock; it is a good plan to boil it with milk and flavoring to make blancmange. The boiled calf's-foot or cowheel can also be used for mock turtle soup in the place of calf's head, or it can be egged and breadcrumbed, and fried to serve hot; or, when it is quite soft, it can be cut in strips, and served hot, covered with white sauce, after the fashion that veal tendons are dressed.

To clear this or any jelly, it is necessary to boil it with the whites and shells of eggs, and to strain it with a clean cloth or flannel. Some large firms are now selling prepared albumen for jelly clearing. Albumen can no doubt be prepared from many substances much cheaper than we get it from white of an egg; and the prepared substance will, sooner or later come into general use. Then my receipt for economy will be old-fashioned.

As to the turning out, the difficulty will be done away with if the people oil their molds with a little sweet oil, instead of wetting them. The ordinary plan is to scald the molds with boiling water, to fill them with cold water and to use them wet. Then they must be dipped for a second into hot water, or have a cloth wrapped around, to get the jelly out; and there is always a danger of too little heat, so that the jelly breaks, or too much, and then the edges melt. With a greased mold all this trouble is done away with. Salad oil is the best thing to use, but a little fresh butter, melted and strained through a bit of muslin, will do instead.

The next difficulty is in setting the mold in layers with fruit or meat it is very apt to split. That comes of the first layer being too firm before the second went in. It must be just firm enough not to mix if the colors are different; just firm enough to hold what has been put into it if the jelly is all alike, but it should not be quite set in either case. A jelly that has to be ornamented, especially if the ornaments are heavy, must be made a little stiffer than one that is to turn out of a plain mold, and than jelly to be served in glasses. I fancy a good many mistakes come from forgetting that.

The quantity of gelatine required to make a given measure of jelly varies, not only with the weather, but with the makers.

Lemon Jelly.—Two quarts of this stock or of water with two ounces of gelatine, the thinly-pared rind of three lemons and the juice of five, ¾lb. of lump sugar, quarter of a nutmeg, and the whites and shells of two eggs. Citric acid and essence of lemon may replace fresh lemons when these are scarce.

Wine Jelly.—2 ozs. gelatine, one quart of water, ½ lb. of sugar, the juice of a lemon and half the rind, the white and shells of an egg or two. Boil and strain it, then add three quarters of a pint of any wine strained through muslin, sherry, Madeira, raisin or orange, according to taste, and set it in a mold with or without fruit. Champagne or claret jelly may be made in the same way, using a pint of wine. The wine should not be boiled.

A certain advertiser says the newest thing out is "patent children's knee pads." The history of these pads is interesting. A Northern New Hampshire woman, with boys who would go through the knees of their knickerbockers and stockings faster than she could mend them, in a moment of inspiration fitted some soft leather smoothly over the knees of two of her boys. A summer visitor saw the scheme and adopted it for her boys and so the pads went out into the world and somebody has patented the New Hampshire woman's idea and is making money out of it.

TIME is the old justice that examines all offenders.

Confidential Correspondents.

P. L. G.—Optimism is the doctrine that whatever is is right; that everything which happens is for the best.

PRESTON.—Ink stains may easily be removed from desk or boards by applying, with a piece of cloth, strong muriatic acid or spirits of salts; the wood work should afterwards be well washed with water.

EXTRA.—"Mrs. Jellyby" was a philanthropist in Dickens' novel, "Bleak House," who would spend and be spent in behalf of the poor of Boorioboola Gha, but would turn into the street a poor beggar dying of starvation on her own doorstep.

M. L. G.—The young man does not appear to have behaved very well; but there may be circumstances, of which you know nothing, to account for his conduct. You would be quite justified in making inquiries about him if you have heard nothing of him for so long.

READER.—The Order of the Golden Fleece belongs alike to the Crowns of Austria and Spain; it ranks as high as the English Garter. The Order of the Seraph is a Swedish one, also ranking high in chivalry. The number to whom it is given is very limited; only twenty-three natives and eight foreigners are admitted to the privilege of wearing it.

AMBITIOUS.—The civil service examinations for employes in the Post Office are limited to orthography, geography, arithmetic, history and the Government of the United States. Any boy who has been through the High School should have no difficulty in passing the examination. No special books are needed.

HARD CIDER.—The battle of Tippecanoe was fought in Indiana, at the junction of the Tippecanoe and Wabash rivers, November 7th, 1811. It was not Tecumseh, as often supposed, but Tecumseh's brother, Elskwatawa, generally called "the Prophet," whom William Henry Harrison defeated in this engagement."

P. L. G.—Blackstone, in his Commentaries, says "full age in male or female is 21 years, which age is completed on the day preceding the anniversary of a person's birth." The late Chief Justice Shaxwood, in his Commentaries, says, "A person is of full age the day before the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday."

PAX.—Patchouly is a perfume derived from an East Indian plant not very far removed from our common mint. It is used by the East Indians to give the peculiar odor of Indian shawls. Since this has been discovered, shawls made elsewhere are perfumed with patchouly, and then palmed off on an innocent public as "genuine Cashmere shawls."

SLOPER.—There is an old superstition in some parts of the country that the gift of a lock of hair is unlucky, but like the rest of such fancies there is nothing in it. If you do not like to keep the hair, burn it; if you have any sentiment about it, preserve it; nothing special will come of it either way. 2. Moles are natural marks and have no meaning.

JACK N.—The Parthians were soldiers of the Asiatic desert where the Romans under Aurelianus and the Greeks under Alexander passed. The Parthians used to shoot their arrows with great skill as they were flying from before an enemy; and it was said that their flight was more dangerous than their attack. The writer meant that his hero flung a parting word at his enemy.

BLUE BELL.—There is no possibility of loving anybody or anything too much. If you let your affection interfere with your duties and so make others uncomfortable, you will be doing wrong. 2. It is very foolish to give way to unreasonable jealousy; anyone who is in the habit of exhibiting jealousy on every insignificant occasion will soon wear out the strongest affection.

JACK AND JILL.—We cannot undertake to give directions how to treat different kinds of birds; there are too many varieties for it to be possible for us to give you the information you want. There are cheap books to be had on the subject, and birdsellers innumerable almost everywhere. You had better take your pet to one of the latter and get his advice about it; possibly it is too copiously or not quite properly fed.

DIDO.—The slave trade was abolished, as far as England was concerned, in 1809, after having been the subject of debate in both Houses of Parliament at intervals from the year 1787. Though no more slaves were imported to British possessions after that, the system remained in force till the 1st August, 1834, when all slaves under British rule were set free. Slavery in the United States did not cease until the end of the year 1862.

TROUBLED.—The young man appears to have behaved very badly; if you were engaged, you will be quite justified in making inquiries about him and finding out if possible the cause of his conduct. If he is well, and you have given him no reason to behave as he has done, the sooner you forget all about him the better. It will cost you some sorrow and regret, no doubt; but any girl is well rid of such a man, and you will be very lucky in having escaped being his wife.

THREE.—The end of the story of Jephthah's daughter is obscure; she was allowed two months after her father's return to prepare herself, and then it is stated that "he did with her according to his vow;" so it is only reasonable to suppose that she was killed in accordance with the oath he took. 2. The name that has been selected for the little girl is uncommon in these days. We do not often hear of babies called Bathsheba, but no one need be ashamed of it; the Bathsheba of the Bible was the mother of the wisest man that ever lived, according to history and tradition.

COVERDALE.—There is hardly any need for you to consider yourself an old maid yet; many ladies marry when they are a great many years older than you are. Even if such an awful fate befell you, there is nothing so very dreadful in being an old maid. There is a sphere of usefulness in the world for unmarried people as well as for the married ones, and many of the best and noblest women on earth, and those who have done the most good for themselves and their fellow-creatures, have been those who have not had the burden of home worries to bear. Life has its duties and its pleasures for all, and if it does not fall to your lot to have a husband and a home of your own, you will fall into some groove that will fit you and find your happiness there.